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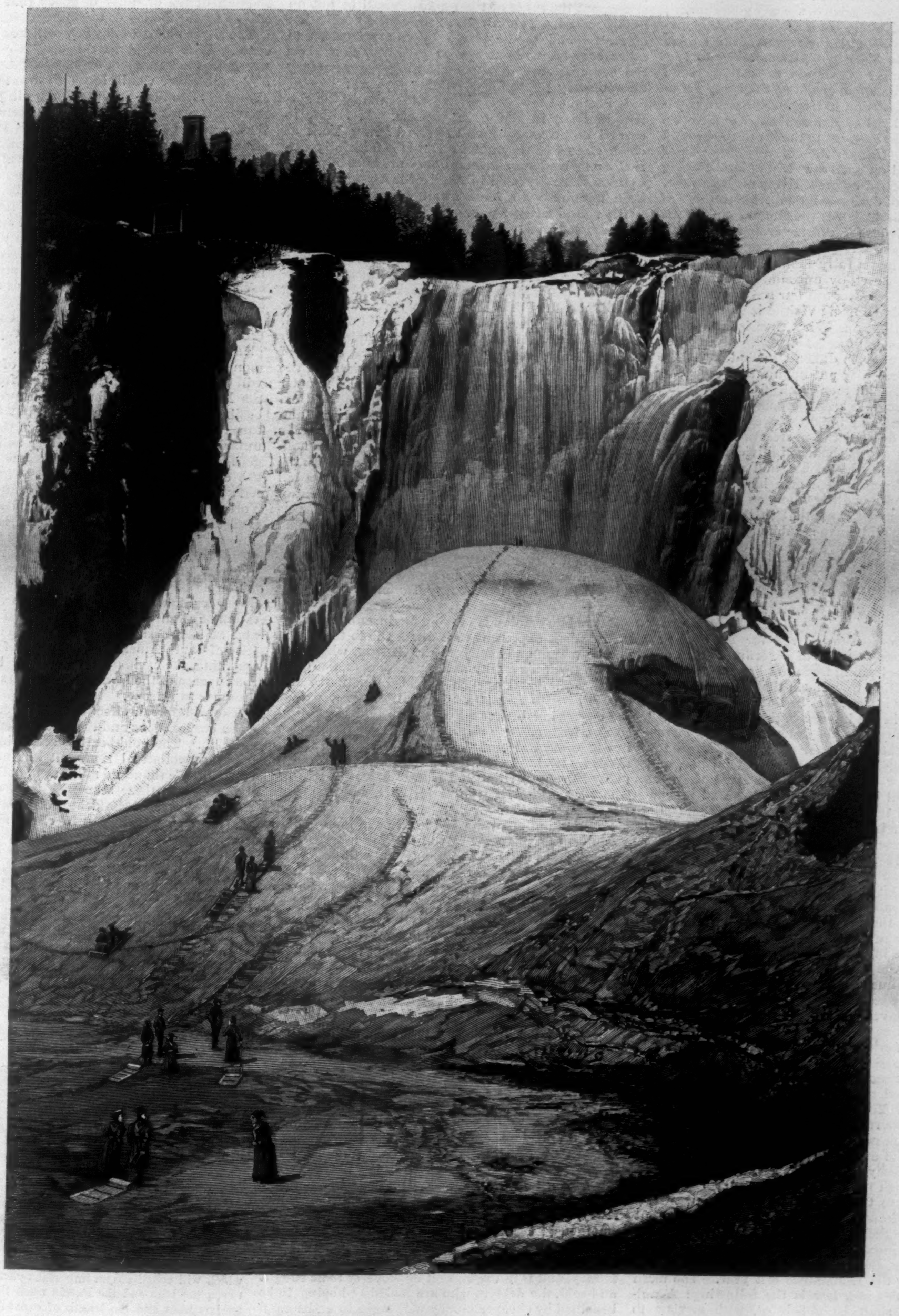


TOBOGGANING AT MONTMORENCY FALLS, CANADA.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 18, 1893.

A SPECIMEN OF TAMMANY ADMINISTRATION.

THE condition of the streets in the city of New York has long been a scandal and a source of public danger. This fact is too notorious to need further proof. There was a sign of improvement and of hope when, Tammany Hall being temporarily out of power, Mr. COLEMAN, as street-cleaning commissioner, had some freedom in following his own plans. But that freedom was taken away as soon as Tammany regained possession of the city government, and the streets became again a disgrace to this civilized community. What is the reason of this? Are the citizens of New York too parsimonious to furnish sufficient funds? Certainly not; they spend far more money for street-cleaning than any European capital in proportion to territorial extent, population, and other local circumstances. Or have we here any peculiar difficulty as to the lay of the ground to contend with? No; on the contrary, the city of New York, situated on a narrow strip of land sloping both ways and washed by great rivers on both sides, presents facilities of drainage far superior to those of any European capital. Or is the climate against us? Not at all; we have a far greater proportion of fair days than they have anywhere in western Europe, and at the same time a fully sufficient rainfall. In all these respects we enjoy uncommon advantages, and yet the difference between our streets and those of London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna is that between barbarism and civilization. What, then, is the trouble?

Look at the groups of street-sweepers in any part of the city. It would be difficult to find anywhere a sorrier lot of humanity put upon a task requiring physical exertion—old men with tottering limbs, hardly strong enough to keep a broom moving; men with bloated faces and inflamed eyes turned with constant longing toward the nearest whiskey shop; only a sprinkling of able-bodied individuals among them who look as if they could and would do an honest day's work; and these men languidly wielding their tools, and dawdling along as if they were paid for doing as little and that little as badly as possible. If we could have a public parade of our street-sweepers, as we have parades of the police force, it would be the most ludicrous exhibition of Falstaff's recruits ever witnessed by this generation. The very sight of the street-sweepers suffices to teach every candid observer why we cannot have clean streets.

Why are such men employed for such work? Under the Tammany system of government men are put on the street-cleaning force not because they are found fit and willing to perform the labor necessary for cleaning the streets, but because the Tammany leaders think it in the interest of the "organization" that just these men should draw the pay of street-sweepers, and that such other men should draw the pay of foremen or inspectors or superintendents; and they are to draw that pay either because they are themselves useful in casting their votes and procuring the votes of their relatives and friends and persons under their influence for the Tammany candidates at the elections, or because their employment is asked for by influential persons who otherwise would have to take care of them, and who wish to unload them upon the city. And when complaint is made that these men are not doing their duty, and ought to be removed, the Tammany leaders will consider the advisability of their removal from the point of view not of the interest of the city in having clean streets, but of the interest of Tammany Hall as to whether the influence of the persons complained of or their backers can be spared, or whether they can otherwise be conveniently taken care of to their own satisfaction. But ordinarily, when they have a man to take care of who is not good for real work, they find it easiest to dispose of him by "putting him on a broom." Nothing can be more evident than that under a municipal government conducted upon such principles New York can never have clean streets. Just there is the rub.

Owing to the persevering efforts of a woman of public spirit and of extraordinary ability and energy—who, fortunately, has still a keenly watchful eye upon the doings of the municipal authorities, is a daily witness to the guilty neglect of their sworn duties, and is known to be constantly pointing out to them their delinquencies—the matter of street-cleaning was inquired into, and a bill for reorganizing the Street-cleaning Department was drawn up and passed by the Legislature last year. The main provision of the new law is the following: A uniformed force shall be appointed, with a view to permanent employment, to superintend and perform the work of street-cleaning. Each sweeper shall be allotted a fixed area of street surface, for the cleaning and keeping clean of which he shall be personally responsible. The city is to be divided into a suitable number of districts, each to be under the supervision of a district superintendent, who shall be directly responsible for the cleanliness of his district. This is the so-called block system. The law also regulates the manner of making appointments. The clerical force of the department remains under the civil service law of the State. Applicants for appointment in the uniformed force have to file a certificate of good character signed by two reputable citizens; they are to be examined as to their physical qualifications by a medical examiner. If both certificate and report on their physical qualifications are satisfactory, they are to be registered as eligible, and from the register of eligibles the necessary appointments shall be made without any preference. They may be removed by the commissioner, but the cause of the removal shall be put on public record. The law also forbids the occupation of streets and public places by empty trucks and other vehicles without special permit, and it gives the commissioner of street-cleaning the necessary discretionary power for cases of emergency.

It is a good law, embodying substantially the system in force in European capitals. If faithfully carried out, it would give the city of New York as clean streets as they have. But is it faithfully carried out? Under an extraordinary pressure of public opinion it was enacted in April of last year. It has been nominally in force about ten months. It is really a dead letter to-day. Last summer, during the cholera excitement, a faint attempt was made to carry it out in a small part of the city, with an excellent temporary result. But the spasm of virtue soon passed over. The rest of the time Tammany has devoted its energy and skill to the task not of executing but of "beating" the law. Empty trucks and other vehicles are still encumbering the streets undisturbed. The registering of the applicants for employment in the uniformed force has become a mere matter of form. There are enough "reputable" citizens of the Tammany persuasion to certify the good character of any person to be taken care of. The medical examiners pass every one as physically fit whom Tammany wishes to "put on a broom"; and Falstaff's company is, as of old, earning its wages by demonstrating its inability to keep the streets clean. In the mean time a Tammany Senator has introduced a bill in the Legislature providing for the employment of street-sweepers by the day, thus abolishing the permanency of the force and the block system, and stripping the new street-cleaning law of its most essential and valuable feature, at the same time keeping the increased money appropriation made for the new system to be handled by Tammany in the old way.

But public opinion is moving again, and Tammany Hall finds it expedient to throw a tub to the whale. The new Tammany Mayor, Mr. GILROY, who prides himself upon his ability as a business man, has given out that the block system provided for in the new law is now to have "a fair trial" in that part of the city lying between Fourteenth and Fifty-ninth streets, from river to river. The Mayor is mistaken in the form of his announcement. The block system needs no trial. It has been tried for many years in many European cities, and proved a perfect success. The Mayor himself will be on trial, and from this trial his reputation for business ability will issue in a miserable plight if he fails. He will then in vain resort to the shallow trick of making a tested and approved system responsible for a failure of his own. And we predict he certainly will fail if, according to the Tammany principle, he permits the Street-cleaning Department to be treated partly as a political machine and partly as a branch of the poorhouse. We shall never have clean streets so long as those who are to clean them are appointed to be taken care of on account of the voting capacity of their backers, instead of their own capacity for the work to be done.

SILVER AND ITS EVILS.

THE votes in the Senate and the House of Representatives against the repeal of the SHERMAN act were a refusal to stop the progress of the country towards a silver basis. Whether or not, however, we shall be actually dependent on a depreciated currency is still a question.

The sooner the evil is recognized and faced the better. If Congress will not repeal the SHERMAN act, the country should face its consequences at once. If we are to conduct business with depreciated currency, it will be cheaper in the end to hasten the emergency, for the cost of postponement will be enormous.

When it is certain that gold has disappeared as money, and is in the market as property to be bought and sold, the debtors who are foolishly hoping to be benefited by cheaper money will begin to understand that they have simply increased the power of the capitalist, and given him command of the situation. Loans will be called in, or continued only on an agreement to pay them in gold. It is probable that more than half the mortgages in the country, especially those on farm lands, are overdue; that is, the terms for which they were made have expired, and the mortgagees have the right to demand their money. How many farmers can pay their mortgages at once? The consequence of refusal will shatter their hopes. Either the sheriff will sell their farms, or they will be forced to execute new mortgages, containing a gold clause and bearing higher rates of interest.

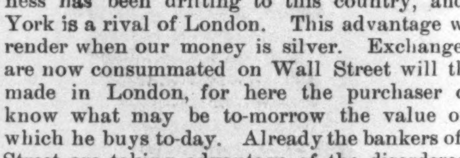
When silver falls prices will be inflated, transactions will be quickened, and then, it is true, mortgagors may pay off their debts in cheaper money. When this occurs, the mortgagees will suffer. The insurance and trust companies and the savings-banks will receive their pay in depreciated money, and, in their turn, will pay the interest and principal of the sums which they owe in money that will buy but a fraction of the quantity of goods that may be purchased by the money of to-day.

The silver dollar to-day is worth less than seventy cents. If it bought in the market only what it is worth in food, raiment, or house-rent, one hundred dollars in silver would buy only what could be purchased by less than seventy dollars in gold. It is a mere sentiment growing out of a statutory promise that cannot be kept which prevents such a state of affairs in the market. This sentiment is giving way under the refusal of Congress to repeal the SHERMAN act, and because of the drain on the gold resources of the country. When what seems to be the inevitable comes to pass, the men who work for fixed sums, wages, and salaries, those dependent on small investments, the pensioners, and all those whose incomes are derived from trust funds, will receive the exact number of dollars to which they are entitled, but each dollar will be worth less in goods than the same sum is to-day.

These are simple examples of what will happen to those who fondly believe that cheaper and more plentiful money will enrich them. In the great money centres the shifting value of the currency will cause disaster that will be felt from one end of the land to the other, but the shrewd and capable business men will make money out of the misfortunes of the inexperienced. When the country voluntarily adopts depreciated silver as its currency it goes out of the world's exchanges as an equal with the other great money powers. The world's business has been drifting to this country, and New York is a rival of London. This advantage we surrender when our money is silver. Exchanges that are now consummated on Wall Street will then be made in London, for here the purchaser cannot know what may be to-morrow the value of that which he buys to-day. Already the bankers of Wall Street are taking advantage of the disordered condition of affairs, and when the bottom has fallen out, and we have assumed our place with the silver countries of South America, the profits of those who are watching the exchange market will be increased at the expense of the farmers and others who ship their products to Europe.

The widespread effect of the depreciation of money on corporations and their customers is beyond calculation. The gold-bearing securities taken by the banks as collateral represent an indebtedness that runs into the thousand millions of dollars. The ability to redeem these securities rests on the money-earning power of the debtor corporations. If these are to receive their pay in cheap silver, how long can they continue to pay their debts in dear gold? And when their ability to do so is doubted by the banks, no more loans can be obtained on such security. This means loss of business to the banks, the pinching of borrowers, the ruin of corporations, and loss to the communities and individuals they serve.

Already the financial institutions are beginning to "take in sail," to refuse loans that a short time since would have been sought. The country is face to face with the evils of cheap money, and every one except the dealers in currency will suffer unless Congress comes to the rescue and repeals the SHERMAN law.



III.—THE ROUTE AND THE CONTROL.

THE Nicaragua route opposes fewer obstacles to an inter-oceanic canal than any other that has been surveyed. It is the least expensive, and the engineering difficulties may be more easily overcome. In the first place, the San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua afford a natural waterway which will constitute an important part of the route. Between the lake and the Pacific coast the distance is about twelve miles, and the length of excavation to connect the lake with the ocean would be between twelve and twenty

miles. The lake is deep, and is about sixty miles long. From the eastern shore of the lake vessels would sail through the San Juan River for more than sixty miles, and the excavation at the eastern end would be less than forty miles.

From the revival of the project for constructing an interoceanic canal there has been an effort made to secure the co-operation and aid of the government in the pecuniary risk involved. The estimates of the cost of the work have varied. Some sanguine persons have doubtless put the cost too low, while others who have had the experiences of the Panama Company in mind have been as extravagant the other way. It is believed by those who are now carrying on the enterprise that at least $100,000,000 of bonds ought to be issued. This is doubtless a large amount of securities to float on the market, and probably it will be impossible to sell them if the government does not in some way take a pecuniary interest in the enterprise.

At different times the government has been asked to build the canal, or to purchase the bonds, or to take stock. At present the suggestion is that the government shall guarantee the interest on the bonds, and shall appoint a majority of the Board of Directors, taking something like 80 per cent. of the stock of the corporation in order that it may control the expenditure of the earnings of the canal, and provide first for saving itself from loss on its guarantee by paying the interest out of the corporation's income. As has already been explained, the act incorporating the present company provided that nothing contained in the act shall be construed to fix upon the government any implied promise to extend any pecuniary aid to the project. The opposition to the bill was based largely on the contention that an eventual appeal to the government for money would be inevitable, and that those who would make it would insist that the government had led them into the undertaking by departing from its custom and granting it a national charter. It is asserted, on the other hand, that the company does not ask for money, because the earnings of the canal, at the lowest estimate, will more than pay the interest on the bonds. The request is that the government will make the bonds saleable in the money market by lending the corporation its credit. In answer to any objections that may be offered to the plan, it is definitely stated that the canal cannot be built without this recognition by the United States.

A NEW DOMESTIC ANIMAL.

We note with pleasure that another new industry is on the point of being introduced into this country. We refer to the growing of kangaroos. A number of far Western and Southwestern newspapers have been discussing the idea lately, and the conclusion seems to be that kangaroo-raising in that region would be highly profitable.

We may as well confess that we do not know so much about kangaroo-growing for profit as we should like to. Of course we are familiar with the scientific work on the kangaroo of the late Professor Ward, but he wrote from the point of view of the student of natural history rather than that of the farmer or ranchman. His statement that the kangaroo is an "amoosing cuss" does not help us much in our consideration of the kangaroo as an agricultural animal. The monkey is also amoosing, but he cannot in this country be profitably grown on a large scale. A Western paper, however, assures us that the kangaroo will be valuable because of its productiveness in "flesh, fur, and foot-wear." We had not supposed that the kangaroo produced "foot-wear" in a finished state, but we gather from this that he does, and we congratulate the prospective kangaroo-growers on their coming ability to take a pair of sheep-shears and clip boots, shoes, and so forth in assorted sizes off their kangaroos. The sport of hunting the animal is also eagerly looked forward to, and it is said that he will in this respect "take the place of the buffalo." The pleasing combination of a domestic animal valuable for its flesh, fur, and foot-wear and a game animal resembling the buffalo will be novel, but no doubt possible. Many ranch-owners are said to be seriously considering the idea of immediately disposing of their stock and going into kangaroos. In view of the fact that the ordinary ranch steer produces practically no fur at all, and foot-wear only in a crude state, we should say that it would be a good plan.

But these are not all of the advantages which we can see in kangaroo-growing, though the writer we have quoted seems to detect no others. We are surprised that he makes no reference to the possibilities of the kangaroo as a driving beast. Of course, attached to the ordinary carriage designed for horses, the kangaroo might not be a success. We fancy he might beat the dash-board into pieces with his large bridge-cable tail. Then, too, the gait of the kangaroo differs from that of the horse. The kangaroo is no trotter, in the best sense of the word. A kangaroo road-cart, for instance, which would do away entirely with the kangaroo motion, would have to be constructed on scientific principles. Cast-iron dash-boards on kangaroo vehicles would, we presume, be necessary. It seems to us that something in the way of India-rubber traces would be helpful in the kangaroo harness; then, while he is on the ground preparing for the next jump, they can contract and bring up the carriage the ten or fifteen rods which it has been left behind by the previous leap. A span of kangaroos driven abreast might, perhaps, be taught to jump alternately, thus proceeding easily and naturally, with a motion somewhat resembling that of a ferry-boat walking-beam. We should say, also, that they might be driven tandem, unless the game of leap-frog should suggest itself to them in an unlucky moment. Their facilities for leap-frogging, if we may use the word, are not, we believe, surpassed by those of any other animal known to man. As for the kangaroo four-in-hand, that would come later. For saddle purposes, however, he could be utilized on the ranches from the first, if the cowboys could accustom themselves to his easy gliding motion after their long association with the volcanic contortions of the bronco.

In the city the kangaroo ought to be the ideal animal for the cabs, as he could sit down on his tail and rest while his master was waiting for a "fare," and make good time in catching a train or ferry-boat. Indeed, in the case of a train, a good kangaroo should be able, even when it has left the station, to overtake it in a mile or so, and let the passenger jump on the rear platform while the driver shoots his trunk into the baggage-car. We know not if the kangaroo could habituate himself to nose-bags, but if he could, and to our stone pavements, we think that he might very likely solve the rapid-transit problem here in New York. Covering, as he would, a short block at every jump, and taking ten jumps a second, he would meet every requirement, unless he should insist on switching his triple-expansion tail about too promiscuously, knocking over elevated-road pillars, policemen, and other stationary objects. In fact, we apprehend considerable difficulty with the kangaroo's absurd tail. But no doubt it can be docked, after the pretty and humane English fashion, and so do away with the danger from a chance blow, and also reduce the animal's weight by one-quarter or thereabouts, and increase his speed proportionately.

But it occurs to us that this project of kangaroo-growing ought to interest the Republican party. Here is the most infantile industry that we know of. Let us roundly tax foreign kangaroo flesh, fur, and foot-wear. Ho, there, McKinley! Our infant kangaroo is savagely pounding the earth with his fierce tail and calling for protection.

FOR EPILEPTICS.

There is much to be said in behalf of, and nothing that we know of against, the bill introduced into the New York State Legislature on the 2d instant to secure suitable State care for epileptics. The bill, which was introduced at the instance of the State Charities Aid Association, provides for the expenditure of $150,000 in the purchase and adaptation of buildings and lands in the Genesee Valley suitable for the establishment of an epileptic colony. The purchase is recommended by Messrs. Craig, Letchworth, and Walrath, of the State Board of Charities, who were appointed a commission to select a suitable site.

Dependent epileptics in this State, and generally in this country, have hitherto been cared for in poorhouses and insane asylums. Yet primarily they are neither insane nor in the ordinary sense are they paupers. Usually they become dependent because their misfortune prevents them from doing regular work; oftentimes they become insane from the progress of their malady or the lack of proper medical treatment. But they are a class all by themselves, and can neither be cared for nor treated medically to advantage except in an institution exclusively their own.

The State of New York takes a commendable and exemplary step when it proposes to establish such an institution, the first of its sort, we believe, in this country.

·THINGS·TALKED·OF·

The House of Representatives, by a narrow majority, has refused to take up the bill for stopping silver purchases. The country is threatened with grave disturbance and even disaster by the continued buying of silver bullion, for one simple reason and one only. That is that the notes issued for silver are, by long practice and by the strictest implication of the law of 1890, payable in gold whenever the holders thereof may demand gold, and these notes are steadily increasing at the rate of about $50,000,000 a year. At the same time the "free" gold in the Treasury—that is, the gold over and above the $100,000,000 reserve—has fallen to almost nothing: it was but $8,000,000 on February 1st, and the gold revenues of the government are dwindling. By the inevitable operation of this double process the government must, sooner or later, be unable to pay its obligations in gold on demand. When that happens, the value of every dollar of the paper currency, which now in round numbers is $800,000,000, must be affected. The fear of such a situation has already cost the country many millions. The disturbance that would follow an actual premium on gold cannot be calculated. It would be great, and it might be calamitous. It could be prevented by the repeal of the act of 1890. If it be not so prevented, there is but one course open to the administration. The Treasury must be supplied with gold. For this there is ample authority in the resumption act of 1875, and happily there is no reason to fear that in the firm and strong hands of Mr. Cleveland that power will not be used as the welfare of the country demands.

The tribute to George William Curtis, which was unanimously adopted by both Houses of the Legislature of the State of New York on Wednesday, February 8th, was presented by the Hon. James T. Edwards, of the Thirty-second District. It is an eloquent and simple recognition of the character of the late Chancellor of the University—"his loyalty to conviction, his brilliant literary accomplishments, chivalrous personal qualities, and abundant services in behalf of education and humanity." There was nothing among the many interests and occupations of Mr. Curtis's later years to which he gave a more zealous devotion, or in which he took a deeper satisfaction, than his work as Chancellor. He felt that here he was building for the long future. The resolutions of the Legislature are a graceful and fitting acknowledgment of great services graciously and faithfully and ably rendered.

"I think myself happy in concluding my career richly rewarded by the favor of my King and the confidence of my comrades." Thus wrote Baron von Moltke, September 16, 1866, at the close of a modest sketch of his life given to a German review. Certainly he had earned the favor of his King, whom he had, by defeating the "mightiest and the readiest adversary," Austria, in a campaign that remains the marvel of modern military history, placed at the head of the German Confederation. But the career which then seemed, in his sixty-seventh year, concluded, was again to be reviewed on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday, October 26, 1890. It is curious to trace the memorable dates as given in *Moltke, his Life and Character*, recently published by Harper & Brothers. It was only in 1866 that he was promoted General of the Infantry, in 1870 that he was made Chief of the General Staff and given the title of Count, in 1871 that he was promoted Field-Marshal, and in 1888 that he was released from duty on the General Staff and made President of the Commission for National Defence. In 1890 the present Emperor arranged a brilliant celebration of the old warrior's ninetieth birthday. The Count came to Berlin and took quarters in the Staff building. A tentlike canopy was erected before the entrance, and here, with the spiked helmet on his head, wrapped in a fur-lined cloak, the venerable soldier insisted on standing erect while an interminable torch-light procession filed past. Then there was a reception of the Emperor, whom the Count, bareheaded, in the chill autumn weather, met as he alighted and humbly escorted within. There were visits from the royal family, and from deputations, civil and military, and gifts innumerable, and a state dinner with the Emperor at Potsdam. The whole is very impressive, and to an American incongruous. The simple, quiet old man, in his plain uniform, by whose mighty intellect the empire had been made possible, bowing in gratitude to the youngster whom the accident of birth had placed infinitely above him in rank, is a noble figure, and his conception of his duty is noble also. But the whole situation is not natural, and one feels in contemplating it that it cannot last. The realities are too great; the conventions must yield.

In a number of the towns of the State of New York, when the spring elections are held this year, there will be a very novel scene. Each voter will walk into a little room with walls of sheet-iron, will see before him a neat array of bright knobs—to each of which is attached the name of a candidate for office, the whole number including all the names placed in nomination—will push in the knob for every name he wishes to vote, and will pass out, having taken, according to the experiment in Lockport last year, less than forty seconds. By the machinery thus employed every vote is securely and secretly recorded, and every voter can cast one vote, and no more, for one candidate for each office. There is no printing of ballots required, there is no chance of misprinted names, or of miscounting, accidental or intended, or of changing the returns. The election held in Lockport in the spring of 1892 was very favorably reported on by those who watched it, and the like elections this year will be closely studied. If the machinery does in all places what it did in Lockport, it would seem that the ingenuity of the Yankee inventor had settled the vexed question of ballot reform, and by a voting-machine had destroyed much of the viciousness of machine-voting. The Australian system, for which so much energy and ink have been expended, can at best only secure secrecy where the voter is bent on having it, but this machine seems to compel secrecy, and to make the various phases of electoral crime and abuse physical impossibilities. The saving of money is said to be very great, but the saving in political demoralization and corruption must be, if the machine works uniformly and continuously well, simply incalculable.

A civil service reform association in Massachusetts has expressed its deep regret that Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is likely to resign his place on the Civil Service Commission when Mr. Cleveland takes office. The retirement of Mr. Roosevelt would be cause for regret to every friend of sound and efficient government. He has been a most remarkable commissioner, uniting intelligence, skill, industry, and zeal with firmness, judicial impartiality, and unhesitating courage. His official career may be said to be an object-lesson in civil service reform, for it has been what the principles of the reform are meant to secure throughout the service. But why should he resign? There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Cleveland would wish him to do so. If Mr. Cleveland did wish it, he is quite equal to asking it, and to giving his reasons. That would be strictly within his legal power, and he may be trusted to use such power solely for the good of the service. In the absence of that request, there is no office under the government in which a change merely because of a change of administration should be made, or should even be proposed, with greater reluctance than in the Civil Service Commission. The Republican justices of the Supreme Court might as properly resign on the accession of a Democratic President.

The writers who have been forced to leave the *Pall Mall Gazette* of London by the recent change of ownership announce that that journal has been bought by Mr. William Waldorf Astor, who intends to make it a "Tory" paper. That is an incident in Mr. Astor's career that is likely to excite interest among his fellow-countrymen quite out of proportion to its intrinsic importance, first, because Mr. Astor is a very rich man, and second, because he has been so conspicuous in American politics as a Republican of a somewhat pronounced type. His riches, of course, are not a legitimate concern of the public, and he should be left to spend, invest, or throw them away in any legal manner that may strike his fancy. But it is not unnatural that comment not too flattering should be called out by the action of a very wealthy American in using his money to promote the cause of the Conservative, or, as it may still not unfairly be called, the Tory, party in England. A political journal can hardly have been regarded by him as an investment, and it is not easy to see in what its attractiveness lay. He cannot need it to secure social position, though it may bring him a degree of sympathetic interest not otherwise easily got. In any case, it is a curious sequence to his political activity in his own, or what was his own, country, and it is to be hoped that it will bring him greater honor.

THE LATE STEPHEN A. WALKER.—[See Page 154.]

THE LATE MRS. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.

OUR LATEST MONITOR.

The harbor-defence iron-clad vessel *Monterey*, which was designed by the Navy Department, and built in San Francisco at the well-known Union Iron-Works, is intended for the protection of the Pacific coast. After the usual tests for speed and horse-power, she has been accepted by the department. The dimensions of the vessel are as follows: Length over all, 256 feet; extreme breadth, 59 feet; mean draught, 14 feet 10 inches. She has a displacement of 4138 tons, and when all of her stores, coal, ammunition, etc., are on board, her freeboard will be but two feet. The protective armor is some sixteen inches thick, of rolled steel, and the turrets, of which there are two, are of steel plates fourteen inches in thickness. The barbettes protecting the bases of the gun-turrets are of the same thickness. The battery of the *Monterey* consists of two ten-inch and two twelve-inch breech-loading rifles from the naval gun factory at Washington. These formidable pieces comprise what is known in ordnance parlance as the "primary battery." The "secondary battery" consists of six six-pounder and one one-pounder rapid-fire guns and two Gatling guns. The machinery of the *Monterey* was designed by the Bureau of Steam-Engineering, and is of the vertical triple-expansion type, and was intended for the development of 5400 horse-power. There are two screws, and the engines for each propeller are separated one from the other by transverse water-tight bulkheads. Although a speed of sixteen knots per hour was expected as a maximum, it may be easily understood, by reference to our illustrations, that such a speed, even in smooth water, will be anything but agreeable to those on deck.

It will be observed that the water during the trials in San Francisco Bay was perfectly smooth, and yet, notwithstanding this, an immense wave was created at the bow, which, rising above the forward bulwarks, flowed across the decks in a perfect torrent, with sufficient force to sweep a man from his feet, and escaped over the side farther aft on each side of the forward turret. Although living below for short periods is far from disagreeable, yet, all the hatches and other openings through the deck being hermetically closed, a cruise in such confined and artificially ventilated quarters must be not only unpleasant, but dangerous. But it is not probable that the *Monterey* will ever perform any duty at sea, her low freeboard rendering her inefficient as a cruiser.

The contract price for the construction of this fine craft, ready for service, was $1,628,950. All of the material entering into her construction is of American production and manufacture.

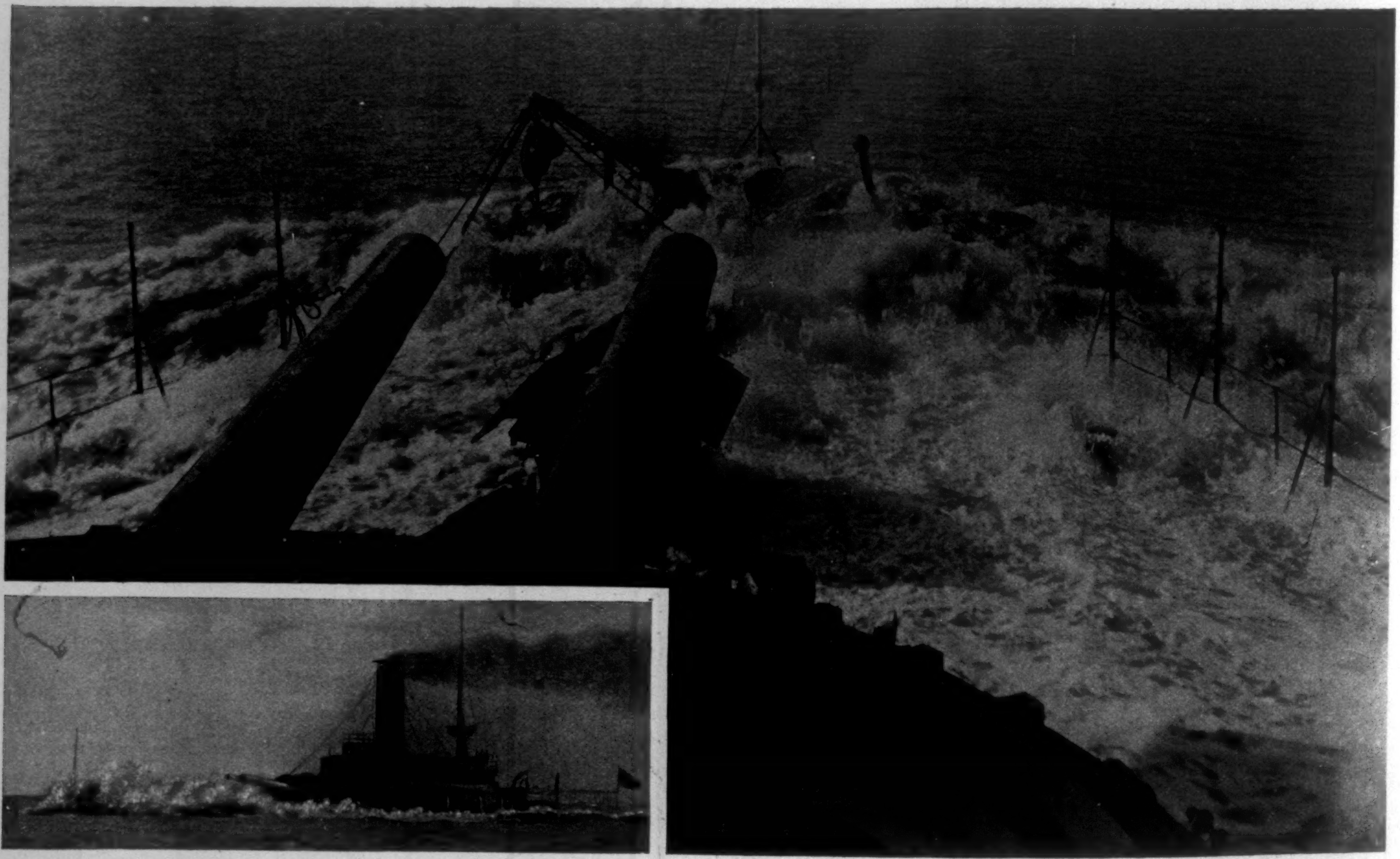
MRS. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.

In the early death of Mrs. Flora Payne Whitney, wife of William C. Whitney, ex-Secretary of the Navy, the world loses a gracious, wise, and gallant spirit, full of kindness and the sense of human obligation. As a school-girl it used to be prophesied of her among her teachers and associates that, whatever career she chose to adopt, she would make a brilliant success. It was thought that she might be a famous musician, a scientist, a linguist, an author, an archæologist, a translator, an authority on sociological science, so able and acute was her mind, and so thorough and various her training. With the true scholar's desire for knowledge, she took an advanced course of special work in Europe, and spent many subsequent months in Cambridge, studying science under the instruction of Professor Agassiz. But when love called, she preferred, like most women, to merge her individual ambitions in those of her husband. It was her good fortune that he sympathized with her intellectual and æsthetic tastes, and helped her to make their home the abode of art and culture. It was his good fortune that her brilliant and cultivated mind turned readily to the judgment of affairs, of politics, and of the social world, so that at every step she was his wisest counsellor, his ablest helper, and his keenest critic.

The daughter of Senator Payne, of Ohio, a man of unusual ability and large wealth, Mrs. Whitney was surrounded from her childhood by a well-bred, intelligent, and agreeable society, which proved an invaluable training-school for her future life. She was a past-mistress of all social arts. Her tact was flawless. Her courtesy was inexhaustible. Her taste was excellent. A very rich woman, and, like all artists, a lover of splendor and luxury, her expenditure never degenerated into ostentation, nor did her wealth corrupt her judgment of the accidental and the essential in life. Money, as money, could not command her respect.

Never was there a kinder or more generous soul. As Burke said of Herbert, she remembered the forgotten. In her drawing-room there were no wall-flowers. In her enormous list of acquaintances she was always helping one or another needy person, perhaps to pupils, perhaps to a public, perhaps to money, perhaps to sympathy. Forced by her husband's position to give her time and strength to society, her private and family life was yet more full of service and of significance than that of most society women. Her children, her husband, her father, her brother, her close friends, these had always the first-fruits of her abounding nature. Her power to give seemed inexhaustible.

Yet nothing in this ardent and brilliant life, with its successes, its unbroken prosperity, seems so fine as the experience of the last year. She knew that her malady was a mortal one, but she had certain things to do. Her young daughter was to be prepared to take her vacant place. Other duties commanded. She never flinched, but did all that fell to her with her old gayety of bearing and her old ardor of soul, so that those who knew her best came to believe that that ethereal fire could not be quenched. But she herself was never deceived. It was characteristic of her that she spared those whom she loved the pang of knowledge as long as possible, and that she gave to the mysterious visitation of death the same noble welcome which she had accorded to every deep experience of her existence.



THE TRIAL TRIP OF THE UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "MONTEREY" IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY.—From Photographs.

A KISS.

BY MRS. DENISON.

Some say that kissing's a sin,
  But I think it's nane ava,
For kissing has wonn'd in this world
  Since ever there was twa.

Oh, if it wasna lawfu',
  Lawyers wadna allow it;
If it wasna holy,
  Ministers wadna do it.

If it wasna modest,
  Maidens wadna tak' it;
If it wasna plenty,
  Puir folk wadna get it.—*Anonymous.*

MISS MYRTOUN had not gone to the review that afternoon, because of a cold she had caught at Mrs. Lewthwaite's garden party, standing on a damp path while Lord John Ainslie proposed to her. She had a mind to be vexed about it.

"Indeed, Jack, you must not be so careless another time," she said to him when he came to ask after her. "Do you know you've never yet chosen a really comfortable and wholesome spot? That evening in the Coliseum was nearly the death of me, and you gave me malaria down in Surrey. Don't do it again, please, until I say 'Ready.'"

Lord John looked at her, burst out laughing, and fell more in love with her than ever.

"I'm afraid I am always too far gone for deliberation, Mary," he answered, sweetly, "but I'll try to lay it out more hygienically next time. It's a great shame you have to give up the review. I wanted you to see Henry."

Lord John was the only person in the world who called her Mary, besides her grandmother, and she rather liked him for it. To all the rest she was Hyacinth.

How quiet the square was! Of course all London had gone to the parade, and at the first roll of the drums she began to wish that she had bundled her throat up and gone herself, after all, and she dropped her book and ran to the window, craning her neck to look down to the park. Yes, she could see them very well—the red coats, the white helmets, the arms flashing in the sun, and the arching heads of the horses as the Guards paced by. She threw open the window and stepped out upon the balcony. The square was quite deserted, but the crowd stood black along the street where the troops were passing, every man and woman cheering, the handkerchiefs and hats fluttering and waving, and, oh, the swell of the music as it reached Hyacinth's ears!

"Good-by, good-by," she whispered, with an exultant sob. And still the solid ranks marched on, huzza upon huzza greeting them all; and now a regiment of blue-coated cavalry wheeled into sight, and Miss Myrtoun narrowed her eyes to see more clearly. "I am sure those are Harry Ainslie's men." But the faces were only a blur in the distance, and one officer just like another as they sat erect in their saddles. And this was the end. The last drum and fife, the last flag, had gone by, the crowd began to dissolve, and with a final lingering glance she came back into the room.

"That horrible, horrible Soudan!" she murmured, closing the window.

She was trembling a little with excitement and the fatigue of standing, and threw herself down among the cushions of a lounge for a rest, and a doze if might be. She picked up her book again, and almost forgetting herself in the ever-enjoyable trials of Burgo and Lady Glencora, was idling and quieting deliciously, when the rich, pervasive strain of a band was borne on the air once more, and this time it was playing "The Girl I left behind Me." The dear, dear old tune! She could not read for quickening her ears to hear it. It came nearer and louder; gay and brave it sounded, yet with a heart-breaking note in it. It was passing the very square now, and she sat up to listen. And at this moment, through all the jubilant trumpeting, she caught another sound, the ring of horses' feet coming down the street and stopping at her door. She sprang to look out, but could not see for the balcony, and paused, startled. "Who can it be? I know no one who would come now." The butler bowed at the threshold.

"What is it, Maxwell?"

"Captain Ainslie asks if you can see him for a moment, miss."

"Captain Ainslie? Oh yes; show him up at once, Maxwell." And she stood waiting and wondering while the jangling spurs came up the stairs and Captain Ainslie entered.

He was splendid with gold lace and plumes, glittering epaulets and orders, and bore himself superbly; but his face was lividly pale, and his fingers trembled where they gripped his sword hilt. Hyacinth took in the gallant show of his appearance, and would have welcomed him with some laughing flattery if his pallor and strange intentness of manner had not struck her dumb. He closed the door and came straight towards her, while she watched him with round questioning eyes, like a child's. Standing very close, he seized her hands, and bent a look upon her which was sharp and strained with emotion, and yet piteously entreating.

"I am going away," he said, in a harsh, hurried voice. "Won't you give me a kiss, Hyacinth, before I go?"

Give him a kiss! Miss Myrtoun was a young woman of the world—of a very gay world indeed—and some of her friends had said of her that she would stop at nothing; but the truth was that never in her life since she could remember had she kissed any man but her grandfather and her uncle James. There had been no brothers nor cousins to claim her caresses as a familiar right, and to lovers who implored for them she had been as cold as a stone. And now who was this bold young officer who dared beseech for such a favor? He was Jack Ainslie's brother. She had vague remembrances of play with him in old childish days; she had seen him of late here and there at reviews, in ballrooms, a tall silent fellow, and had never spoken a hundred words to him in her life. A kiss! She wondered that she did not break from him in a rage. But she did not; she left her hands in his, and made no movement of reproach. It was because she was in a gentle mood that day, because he was going away, and because he loved her—his eyes were telling her that, and the touch of his hands. Ainslie drew his breath hard while the girl gazed at him, hesitating. She saw the anguish in his drawn face; a sudden memory of the boy's lonely motherless life came to her, and the tender cadence of the melody enwrapped her very soul; she raised herself a little on her tiptoes, and held up her beautiful mouth frankly and freely to him. With a broken, passionate exclamation, the man clasped her in both his arms, and set his lips to hers in a kiss so prolonged and so imperative that Hyacinth swayed under it. Then he whispered, hoarsely, "God bless you for this!" and loosening his hold of her as if it were a renunciation he must force his every nerve and fibre to, he turned and left her. But Hyacinth did not see him go, and only heard confusedly the stamping of the horses as he mounted and rode away with his orderly, for she was standing in a daze, her eyes brimming with tears, and the room was dim to her. She put up her fingers softly to her lips, a burning tide of color flooded her cheeks and forehead, and she buried her face in the cushions. Fainter and fainter the music was dying in the distance.

"You're not looking well; you're feverish," her grandmother said when she came in. "It isn't good for you to be moping here all by yourself."

And was a kiss such an uncanny thing that it should have the power to haunt one like a ghost? Hyacinth did her best to exorcise it with scorn and indifference, but it was no use; the ghost would not be laid, and came creeping back just as she thought she had rolled a stone upon it heavy enough and commonplace enough to keep it down. And the stone would be something like this:

"It was a perfectly natural thing to do. Grandmamma knows him very well, and he was lonely at going away, and he recollected me when I was a little girl, and it was very sisterly and kind of me to kiss him good-by."

Then the ghost would steal a little nearer, the girl's drooping eyes grow luminous, and through closed lids she could see him enter, and would hear the deep vibrating voice again, and then—oh, then came the heaven and the shame of it, for she would feel his lips and his enfolding arms, a slow little smile would tingle at her mouth, and a glow suffuse her very being. Instantly she curled her lip at herself in the glass:

"So you were only waiting for a somebody with epaulets and spurs to ask you for a kiss, you common little thing! You've got the soul of a nursery-maid. I'm sorry I can't cut your acquaintance." But the scorn in turn would merge into a companionable thought of him. Was he, perhaps, in the same straits? Did the thought of that kiss haunt him as it did her? Then a venomous imp of the brain would prick her with the thought, "Perhaps he thinks slightingly of you; the kiss was lightly asked and lightly valued; he may be laughing in his sleeve at you now." But this was the last resource of the tormenting imp, and caused only a moment's cringe, for the very light of truth had been in those clear eyes, the very stamp of a chivalrous and loyal personality upon Ainslie's every word and look and movement, and in her heart of hearts she knew that she trusted him absolutely.

Lord John had come in the very day after the sailing of the troops, and talked most affectionately about his brother. "I'm awfully cut up about his going," he said. "I've been able to do so little for the boy. He's off there in the country with Uncle Spencer, and we've been almost like strangers until just lately, when he's been stopping with me, and I've grown immensely fond of him. He is a reserved sort of chap, but he's got uncommon force of character. Uncle Spencer adores him, you know. He is such a shy fellow that I suppose he hasn't spoken half a dozen words to you this spring, Mary?"

"I've seen very little of him," Miss Myrtoun answered, calmly. Then the next moment she asked, apropos of an azalea show Lord John was talking about: "Of course it is very hard for you to have him go. Is there any chance of your hearing from him for a long time?"

"Oh yes," said Lord John; "he will send a word or two from Gibraltar, I fancy, or Alexandria, and perhaps again later on if there comes a chance; but we've never been much at writing to each other."

That was enough. So the ship would stop at Gibraltar, and that was a matter of six days, and a letter posted at once might be back in England within another three days. But would he write? The ninth day answered the question duly, for when Hyacinth came in from a late drive there was a little pile of letters lying upon her desk, and the one on top bore a clear post-mark of Gibraltar. She snatched it up, and her fingers hurried as if to tear it open; but all at once she stopped, and laid it down very evenly, and turned to her dressing-table, and began taking out her bonnet-pins, and unfastening her veil with the nicest deliberation. She dusted her bonnet tidily, and put it in its box, and ruffled and tousled her bang about into a charming state of disorder, and next she took off her gown and put herself into an old and sympathetic wrapper, rolled a chair and footstool up to the fire, pulled the logs into place with painstaking judgment, and at last sat herself down and lazily gathered her letters together. The foreign one fell into the middle of the heap now, and had to take its turn and wait until the others had been attended to. Then it was cleanly cut apart with a nice little paper-knife, and devoured in a dozen glances of those lovely eager eyes:

"MY DEAREST LOVE,—Do you forgive me? The gentle pity in your face as you looked upon me the other day comes back to comfort and reassure me, but again I have a wretched thought that I may have vexed you, and this overwhelms me. Let me tell you now. I have loved you with every pulse of my heart and every aspiration of my soul since those days you were at Dunham a year ago. Have you forgotten? The first evening I saw you you were in the drawing-room with all the others, and you spoke to me of the old friendly tie between our people, and wondered if I remembered how we used to fight the stone lions at Shepley, and at the first note of your voice and lifting of your eyes I loved you. You were gone in a day or two, but you staid with me. Then I was living for the spring, that I might be with you again; but seeing you in the confusion of your London world, it has seemed to me as if you were in the midst of a dazzling fog that obscured all the realities of life, and that I could not penetrate it, though it veiled you from me. And so perhaps Fate did me a kind turn, after all, when she sent me off so suddenly, for now if I die it will be with a memory in my heart and on my lips that makes both life and death a mystery of joy.

"You know we only got our sailing orders the day before our leaving, and I was counting upon seeing you at Jack's little farewell gathering after the review. But when you were not there the world seemed to come to a halt, and then every impulse within me impelled me to you. I was beside myself with longing and loneliness, and the boon which your compassion prompted you to grant me I shall bless you for to the end of my days. There was never a devotee more filled with reverence, with lowly abasement before some undeserved mercy from Heaven.

"In writing to you now with the spell of your presence upon me, and with the thought of what may happen that would make these my last words to you, I cannot name you otherwise than what you are to me—my Love, my Light.

"May God bless you, my beautiful and beloved lady, and pour upon you the pure peace and happiness which belong to your sweet life.

"Faithfully and always yours,

"HENRY SPENCER AINSLIE."

If grudging old Mother Nature had bestowed the gift of second sight upon lovers divided by distance, the balance of delight and disappointment in the world would undoubtedly remain the same; but in Ainslie's case, could he have had a vision of Hyacinth that May afternoon as she read his letter, the proportion of his content would have been almost too great for any load of after-sorrow to outweigh it. He was riding with the army across the miserable desert of the Soudan, monotonous, baking, searing to the eye and brain; aimless scrappy fighting had been going on all day, and it was neither a glorious nor an inspiring business. Nor was he serene in his own right. He saw no reason to hope of gaining the girl he loved, and doubted lest he had made too rash a move and lost his chances for good. Now if only a mirage had danced before his sight in the shimmering air, and shown him the girl he loved as she sat with her arms lifted drowsily above her head and such a winning coquetry alight in all her face!

"How tall he was! How strong he was! What steady eyes! Why did I never know him before? How is it that I know him so well now?" The fire-light flickered, the twilight gathered, the girl dreamed on, and when she rose she was humming a snatch from Marguerite's song—

"Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Sein' Augen Gewalt,

"Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluss,
Sein Händedruck"—

and then the refrain sang out, and her voice was low, but clear and thrilling sweet—

"Und, ach, sein Kuss?"

But poor Ainslie was plodding on, worn, hot, and racked with the bitterness of impotent suspense.

Miss Myrtoun and her grandmother had never gone through a gayer London season, and Hyacinth had never been a more brilliant figure of beauty and triumph. At balls, at dinners, at fêtes of all kinds, her fair face showed up, with its radiant smile and quick glances. Even her grandmother took to flattering her upon her appearance. The interest she showed in Egyptian affairs delighted the old lady too, for she herself came of a military family, and her granddaughter's lack of enthusiasm about such matters had always been a disappointment to her. But now Hyacinth read the *Times* to her by the hour—how the troops were ordered here and massing there, General Lord Wolseley sent out in command, and the Mahdi gathering hosts of followers, and so on, and so on.

"I wonder why Jack Ainslie didn't go into the army, grandmamma?" she asked.

"Oh, my dear! Of course not," answered the old lady. "You know as well as I do that oldest sons never do. It was proper for Henry to go. And John Ainsley couldn't possibly fight, either."

"You've known them both since they were boys, granny?"

"Since they were little chaps in sashes and shoulder-knots. Their father was one of my oldest friends. Nice little chaps they were, too. Henry was such a dear boy. I've seen a great deal of him every year down at Shepley, when you were with your Uncle James. He has always been so good about coming to see me, and dear old General Spencer never tires of telling me about him, and of his pride in him, and plans for him. I meant to have him a great deal at the house this spring, but it hasn't seemed to come to pass, and you never seemed to take to him particularly."

Hyacinth wondered afterwards that among all the fancies of those fleet days she had had no moment of concern for Ainslie's safety. She thought of him always as masterful, resolute, successful. The domination of his individuality so impressed itself upon her that to picture its force as arrested or struck down never occurred to her. Thus it was a blinding blow when one morning early in August a servant of Lord John's came, with a troubled letter from his master, to say that he had just received a cable from Alexandria. Henry was badly wounded in the shoulder, and had been sent home immediately on a ship just then returning. The ship was due that very day—his friend had delayed cabling on purpose—and he was starting at once for Portsmouth to bring him up to London. "Henry led the charge," said the last line, "which won the day." Poor Hyacinth! She lived through such a tumult of emotion during the next four-and-twenty hours that her pulses were like a throbbing engine within her, beating her to exhaustion with its throes. What should she do? What did she want to do? She had not thought that the decisive time would come so soon; but now she knew, with an undoubting premonition, that Ainslie would come to her at once, and her brain was in a whirl. Finally, from sheer weariness of thinking and feeling, she deliberately let go the helm, and tried to gain time and rest by letting herself float listlessly upon the waves of excitement and doubt that seemed surging about her. She was numb, and tired, and incapable of judgment, and to be purposeless as a fatalist for a little while would be a blessed ease.

On the following day a note was brought her. It only said:

"HYACINTH,—I am in London. My wound is recovered sufficiently for me to be about. Have you anything to say to me? Yours always, H. S. AINSLIE."

To Hyacinth it was as if an aching strain were suddenly eased when she read the little note. The turmoil within her quieted, and the storm rolled away. She held the slip tight in her hand. A party of people were lunching with her, and she was pledged to some engagement with them afterwards.

"Pardon me for a moment while I answer this," she said, and sat down without any assurance of what she was going to say, but at once the words seemed to flow of themselves.

"DEAR CAPTAIN AINSLIE" (she wrote).—"We are so glad that you are at home again and well. My grandmother is away for the day, and I have an engagement for the next three hours, but I shall be at home at five o'clock.

"Very sincerely yours,

"MARY HYACINTH MYRTOUN."

She glanced it over while the talking and laughing went on about her, laughing herself and joining in some joking fun, and then just before she folded it she took up the pen again, and added a few scrawling words:

"Why should I not tell you now? I am yours utterly—with all the love of my heart. HYACINTH."

Never did she forget the blissful waiting of that afternoon; the way the sunshine engoldened the air, the smooth freshness of the breeze, the perfume of the shrubs in the park, the bright looks of the people, as she drove home alone through a beautiful, happy world of her own. She would not have had the moments hurried for a gift of treasure. To her enchanted senses they seemed to pass with as tender a grace as the petals of a flower fall. Still as one walking in a strange but dreamed-of place, with suave yet hesitating movement, and smiling half-shut eyes, she went into the drawing-room to await her lover.

There was the window, the balcony, the lounge where she had rested and heard the band, the door through which he had come to her. And then Hyacinth remembered, and was glad that she wore the very dress. Would he notice it? Would those gray eyes gaze down upon her with the same yearning, absorbing gaze as on that day? Oh, she would be true to him! She would grant him every gracious gift a woman holds in her keeping for the man she loves, and he should see that though she had given her faith impulsively, it would not lack in every steadfast quality he might hope for. She knew this stranger as she had never known any one before, and she could not be shy, for love had cast out every other thought but love, and would prompt the words and looks that would please him best, and best convince him of the enduring truth of the miracle it had worked for him in her heart. Ah, surely he would not be late?

At twenty minutes before five Captain Ainslie was announced.

PERSONAL.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE has passed the age of eighty-one, and her mental vigor continues to decline, but her mind gives occasional glimpses of its former power. When, for example, her friends sing favorite old hymns to her, her ear catches the slightest mistakes in giving the reading of the lines. She notices instantly the omission of a word or the substitution of a wrong one, and makes the proper correction.

—The American Fine Arts Society have just opened at their new building, 215 West Fifty-seventh Street, a Loan Exhibition of the finest works of art obtainable in this country, including masterpieces of painting and sculpture, ceramics, enamels, Greek vases, terra-cottas, etc. Among some of the most notable attractions are pictures by REMBRANDT, from the collections of Mr. H. O. HAVEMEYER and Mr. MORRIS K. JESSUP; Mr. W. H. FULLER's remarkable collection of paintings by REYNOLDS, GAINSBOROUGH, CONSTABLE, and others of the English school of landscapists; other English masterpieces lent by Mrs. BLODGETT; a colossal model by D. C. FRENCH for the statue of the Republic to occupy the centre of the lagoon at the World's Fair; and Mr. CYRUS J. LAWRENCE's famous BARYE bronzes, of which there are more than a hundred. There are also figurines and Greek vases from the collections of Mr. ALTMAN, Mr. T. B. CLARKE, and others; tapestries from the Barbarini Palace, lent by Mr. FFOULKE, of Washington, D. C.; arms and armor from the collection of G. P. MOROSINI; and ceramics, fans, laces, miniatures, etc., from the collections of H. G. MARQUAND and other well-known amateurs. The exhibition will continue until about the 15th of March.

—The services of the late GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS in promoting the cause of popular education were gracefully recognized by the Board of Education of the city of Chicago in a series of resolutions which it passed at its first regular meeting after Mr. CURTIS's death. "As a man of letters," the resolutions declare, "he has through his writings enriched American literature and elevated the school standards of our country. Through him as a patriot our schools have been stimulated with sentiments of loyalty to the United States and to the principles underlying American laws and institutions."

—Mr. ALFRED PARSONS, whose work as an artist has long been familiar to readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, has spent the greater part of the past year in Japan, devoting his time almost wholly to the painting of Japanese scenery and out-door subjects. Recently he offered to the lovers of art in Tokio an opportunity to examine the pictures which he had produced, and nearly the entire foreign community, it is said, turned out to see them. There were more than a hundred paintings in all, and with reference to their quality there was but one verdict—unqualified praise. There was no question but that Mr. PARSONS had succeeded in reproducing with absolute fidelity the flowers and foliage of Japan in their novel varieties of coloring and bloom, and with the peculiar distinctness and tenderness of outline which is imparted to them by the softness and crystalline clearness of the Japanese atmosphere. "We are persuaded," says the Japan *Daily Mail*, in commenting upon the exhibition, "that such effects of foliage, flower, and landscape as he is carrying from these shores to the fortunate *dilettanti* of the West will create a new and enthusiastic conception of the possibilities of this branch of art."

—The little flag that General WALKER bore at the head of his Quixotic expedition into Nicaragua is in the possession of a San Francisco official. It is of blue and white silk and muslin with a red star in the centre, on which are embroidered the initials "W. B.," signifying "Walker's Battalion." The flag was the handiwork of the wife of one of WALKER's staff officers. It is very much faded now, somewhat tattered, and stained with blood that was spilt at the memorable battle of Rivas in 1855, the battle at which the American leader was defeated by the Legitimist forces.

—While J. WHITCOMB RILEY was in California recently he visited JOAQUIN MILLER, the "poet of the Sierras," in his hermit home, and was entertained in a very novel way. His host harnessed himself in all the absurd trappings of an Indian medicine-man, and made a mystical incantation in true wigwam style to produce rain. While Mr. MILLER was proceeding with the weird dance in all solemnity, there was a pattering noise on the roof, and on looking out the guests saw that it appeared to be actually raining. The downpour, as Mr. MILLER explained afterwards, was produced by an ingenious arrangement of water-pipes connected with a neighboring spring on the hill-side. The Hoosier poet witnessed many other interesting things at the mountain poet's home, among them a novel collection of Indian relics.

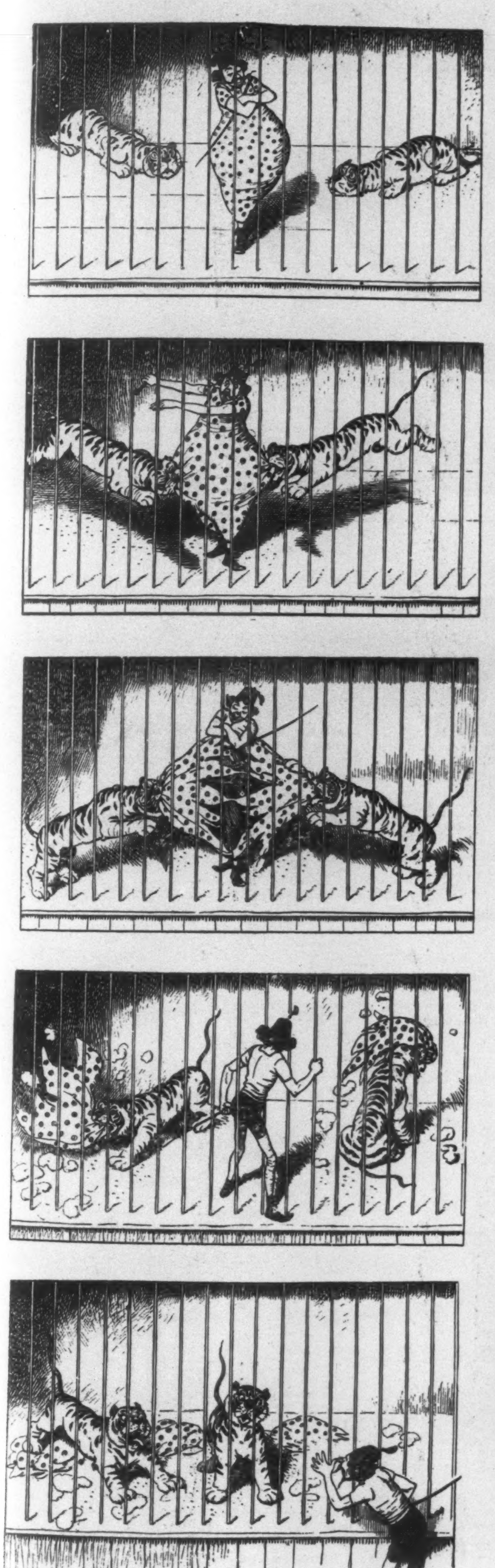
—In denying a Chicago newspaper man an interview about his recent trip to Europe, PHILIP D. ARMOUR is reported to have said: "I saw nothing new that I am prepared to talk about, and I have always made it a rule not to talk for the mere sake of hearing the sound of my voice. In fact, I have made money by keeping my mouth shut." This is doubtless a nineteenth-century business man's way of saying that silence is golden, and as Mr. ARMOUR is one of the few living Americans who have been able to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, the advice should carry weight.

—Colonel ALEXANDER C. BOSKIN, the Lieutenant-Governor of Montana, is paralyzed from the waist down, and has not walked for many years. The Colonel is an able lawyer, and held many positions of trust while Montana was a territory. He is a forcible speaker, and his invalid's chair is a familiar sight on the political platforms of the State.

—Though ex-President HAYES had passed the age of seventy, his physical health was so excellent, if not robust, that the report that he was suffering from neuralgia of the heart occasioned little apprehension. Only a brief time before his death his cheeks were so rosy, his eyes so full of life, and he moved about with so much youthful spirit and vigor, that he appeared likely to live for many years to come. General HAYES had a truly formidable collection of photographs, gathered from all parts of the world, and numbering more than 10,000. He was accustomed to pass most of his time in his library, "and yet," he told a visitor not long ago, "I do a great deal of my hardest thinking in my bath-room." His bath-room contained a desk well littered with papers, and on the shelves about the room which connected with his bedroom were arranged the volumes treating of the topics he happened to be interested in at the time.

"One Pair!" — Takes three cards. — "Triplets!" — "Full Hand! Are we in it?"

PHYSIOGNOMICAL STUDIES AT A POKER PARTY—HOW HERR GOLDBERG AND HIS SIDE PARTNER OBSERVE THE DEVELOPMENT OF A "FULL HAND."
—From *Fliegende Blätter.*



THE DISAPPOINTED TIGERS.—From *Fliegende Blätter.*

AN AEROSTATIC DISASTER.

Showing how the hot air from the restaurant kitchen converted Mr. Dando into a Montgolfier balloon.
—From *Judy.*

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

"Good morning, Uncle Charles! Did you sleep well? I'm afraid your bed was rather hard and uneven; but—"

"Oh, it was all right, thanks! I got up now and then during the night and rested a bit, you know!"
—From *Punch.*

L. A. THURSTON.
Chairman of the Commission.

SANDFORD B. DOLE.
President of the Provisional Government.

COMMISSIONER CARTER.

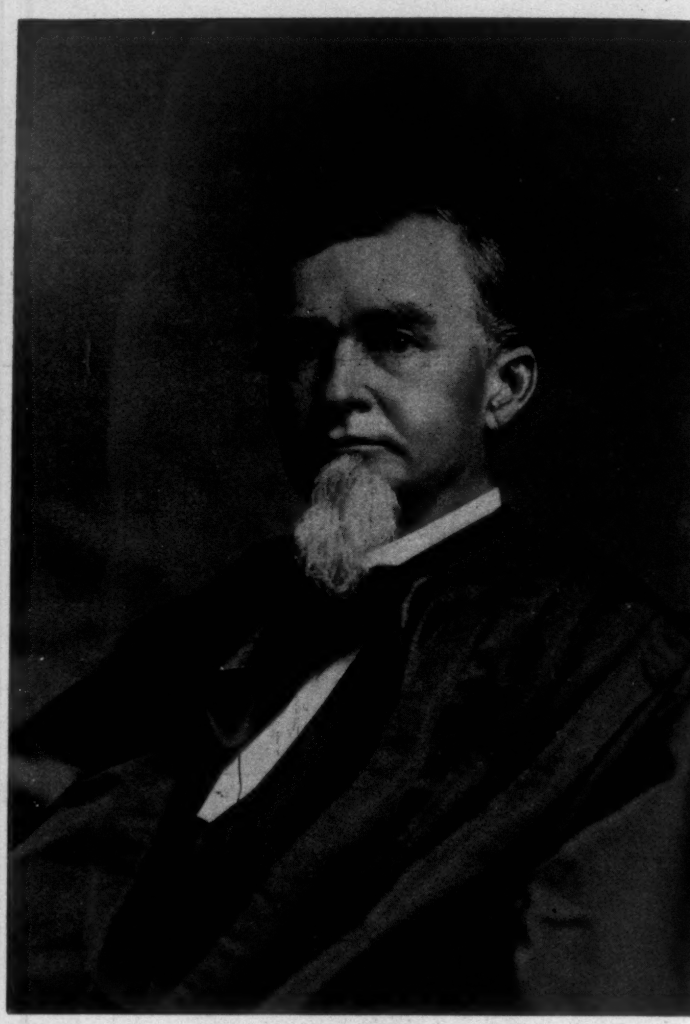
HOWELL E. JACKSON.

President Harrison's appointment of Judge Jackson as the successor of Mr. Justice Lamar on the Supreme Bench is admirable in every respect. Judge Jackson is now a United States Circuit Judge, having been appointed to that position by President Cleveland in 1887. He is a Democrat, and during the war was on the side of the South. It is not surprising that Mr. Harrison should have selected a Democrat as the successor of Justice Lamar. The President is a strong partisan, but he has been freer from partisanship in his judicial appointments than most of his predecessors. When the Land Court and the Court of General Appraisers were created, Mr. Harrison recognized the fact that the law should not be expounded entirely by the lawyers of a single political party. It is true that the Supreme Court has been usually regarded as an important political vantage-ground, and that its decisions have been greatly helpful in the carrying out or defeating of party principles. At the beginning of the government it was the Supreme Court that gave such an interpretation to the Constitution that the supremacy of the Federal power was established. When the war broke out, Mr. Lincoln appointed Justice Field to the bench, but that action was recognized as wise by the most extreme Republicans. Justice Field was a war Democrat and a Californian, and it was deemed of the utmost importance that the loyalty of his fellow-partisans should be encouraged, and that California should be preserved to the Union. Since the close of the war appointments to the Supreme Bench have been partisan, with the single exception now under consideration, but the decisions of constitutional questions have been very often non-partisan. In reference to reconstruction legislation, for example, a Republican judge declined to follow Republican law-makers.

The present case was exceptional. The vacancy was caused by the death of a Democrat and a Southerner, and the people of the country had just declared by an unprecedented majority in favor of a Democratic administration. How Mr. Harrison's refusal to recognize the popular verdict would have been regarded had already been sufficiently indicated by the newspapers. Under the circumstances the appointment of a Republican would have been looked upon as indicative of an unworthy partisan eagerness to take advantage of an accident.

There is little to be said about Judge Jackson. His life has been uneventful. He has been an able, studious, self-contained, and apparently contented lawyer. Both on the State and the Federal bench he has been an upright judge. He served two terms in the Supreme Court of his native State, Tennessee, by appointment. When his name was presented to a nominating convention he was defeated. His only political honors came late in life. When Tennessee was threatened by repudiationists, Judge Jackson was elected to the Legislature on a State-credit ticket, and his fellow-members selected him for the United States Senate. In Washington he was greatly esteemed for his unostentatious merit, and his associates in the Judiciary Committee regarded him as a very able and sound lawyer. Among his fellow-Senators was Benjamin Harrison. He entered the Senate in 1881, and Mr. Cleveland appointed him to a circuit-judgeship in 1887, at the close of his term.

He was born at Paris, Tennessee, April 8, 1832. His youth was passed at Jackson. He was educated at East Tennessee College and the University of Virginia, was admitted to the bar in 1856, and practised his profession first at Jackson, then at Memphis, and since 1876 at Jackson again.



JUDGE HOWELL E. JACKSON.—From a Photograph by Landy, Cincinnati.

CAPTAIN WILTSE, OF THE "BOSTON."

COMMISSIONER MARSDEN.

COMMISSIONER WILDER.

COMMISSIONER CASTLE.

THE HAWAIIAN QUESTION.—[See Page 163.]
The Five Commissioners, from Photographs by Bell, Washington.

A PRIZE.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

I.—TRADE RELATIONS.

MUCH of the discontent of Canada with existing conditions arises from the trade relations between the Dominion and the United States. The Canadians suffer most because they are wholly or partially excluded from the richest market in the world, a market, too, that is in their immediate neighborhood. So far as this country is concerned, the hardships imposed by trade restrictions are felt only along the border. The mass of the people of this country hardly know that trade between the two countries is hampered. Only those who have had some personal experiences with custom-house regulations and restraints realize this important fact.

The Canadian farmers and lumbermen have suffered greatly from the operation of the McKinley law. The growers of barley and the breeders of horses have found their markets limited, and the effect of this must necessarily be a limitation of products. On the other hand, our own people who live along the border are not so prosperous as they were when they could trade freely with their nearest neighbors.

The Liberal party in Canada, furnished with an issue by this condition of affairs, are insisting on freer trade relations between the United States and the Dominion. They want more than a restoration of the old reciprocity treaty. They want commercial union, or, as the more recent phrase is, continental free trade. The Tories respond that what Sir Richard Cartwright, Laurier, and the rest of their opponents really desire is annexation, and their campaign literature is filled with arguments intended to prove that unshackled trade would lead to the union of the countries.

There is undoubtedly a basis of truth underlying the Conservative contention. Any scheme of commercial relations between the Dominion and the United States which did not include the United Kingdom would necessarily injure the merchants of Great Britain, and would consequently lead to a serious counting of the cost of colonial maintenance and ingratitude in London. Reciprocity might, indeed, mean little injury to British interests. The Canadian tariff, bad as it is, is lighter, and therefore more rational, than our own. A reciprocity treaty might admit the American merchants and manufacturers to privileges not enjoyed by their rivals on the other side of the water, although that is not necessarily so. There is no reason why Canada, in such a case, should not put British exporters on the same terms with the American if the latter would consent. But even if they would not, the Americans, as a rule, would be obliged to sell to the Canadians at much lower prices than they charge their fellow-citizens, in order to compete with the English and Scotch under the lower tariff of Canada. Certainly an American manufacturer who cannot hold his own market against English competition except with a fifty per cent. protection, cannot compete with the Englishman in Canada with a twenty-five per cent. protection.

Reciprocity, each country maintaining its own tariff against Europe, is open to objection from the high-protectionists of this country. What they will assent to, and what the Dominion Liberals urge, is free trade on the continent, with a common wall of taxes against "abroad." Naturally commercial union or continental free trade—call it what you will—involves the adoption of the tariff prevailing in the larger country. Canada, so far as its trade relations are concerned, would thus be put upon an equal footing with the various States of the Union, and our trade with the Dominion would cease to be part of our foreign commerce, and would be internal commerce. Great Britain, on the other hand, would find its trade relations with Canada as difficult as they are with the United States. Canada itself would find the arrangement expensive, for its people would be obliged to pay United States prices for the necessaries of life; but the farmers, the cattle-raisers, and the lumbermen would find a market for their produce. The Canadians would be obliged to prefer goods made here to British goods whose price would be abnormally increased by tariff taxation.

The question is, how long would the British government be content to see this discrimination against British merchants in favor of Americans? The Dominion would grow to be not only an expensive luxury, demanding the maintenance of an army and navy for its defence, but one that returned absolutely nothing for the outlay in its behalf.

Whether the Conservatives are right or wrong in saying that commercial union would mean annexation, it is no doubt true that commercial union would quickly induce the British government to surrender the right to govern Canada, simply because the retention of the right would involve expense without bringing any benefits. It might not result in annexation, but if it did not, it would mean independence, an end towards which Canada is impelled by reason of the fact that, under the existing system of government, its trade relations with the United States are largely dependent, if not upon the power, at least upon the interests of the mother country.

II.—INDEPENDENCE.

The political problem of Canada is difficult of solution. The prosperous traders of Montreal, and most of the Conservatives of the English-speaking provinces, are content with the colonial condition. They like to think of the country on the other side of the water, even if it is the birthplace of a relative no nearer than a great-grandfather, as "home." They have an Old-World idea that the monarchical foundation of the Dominion government means stability, and that in a democracy or a republic like the United States there is "too much freedom."

But there is a large number of people who have lost faith in the worth of the colonial government for Canada. The Dominion is far from the mother country, and it is next neighbor to a rich and prosperous republic, whose commercial policy is one of war against the rest of the civilized world. The advantages offered by the United States have tempted hundreds of thousands of Canadians away from the land of their birth. The temptation of neighborhood has been shown in even a stronger way, for the Dominion has adopted the tariff policy of the United States, instead of that of the imperial government. The colonists who feel that they are hampered by the political conditions of colonialism are contemplating the alternatives of escape—one is independence, and the other is annexation.

It will not do to assert that Canada, on the whole, is not loyal to Great Britain. So far as there has been any important manifestation of public opinion, loyalty to the Queen and the British connection is very largely in the majority. One oftener hears loyal sentiment than desire for separation. It can be said that there does exist not only discontent with industrial and economic conditions, which is most freely expressed and doubtless more widely felt in Quebec than elsewhere, but also discontent with political conditions.

The Dominion's connection with the British Empire is as slender as is consistent with any state of dependence whatever. The Canadians make their own law, are free from the presence of a foreign army, with the exception of a small detachment at Halifax. Its Governor-General is the appointee of the home government, but the remainder of the officers of the government, executive, judicial, and administrative, are appointed by the responsible government, which, in turn, rests upon the majority in the Lower House of the Parliament, and so upon the people.

It is in many respects an admirable government, and one with which prosperous and conservative Canadians are contented, and for many years the elections in the Dominion have been won by the Conservatives. Whatever triumphs the Liberals have enjoyed have been gained in the provinces. Whatever discontent there is with the existing government arises from the fact that the provinces do not rule themselves as the States of the Union do. Under the British North American Act each province has such powers as are granted by the general government. The consequence is that a union between the Conservatives and the hierarchy of Quebec can generally carry the elections. The legislators from Quebec have something to say about the internal affairs of Ontario, Manitoba, the maritime provinces—all the English-speaking and Protestant provinces. On the other hand, the French of Quebec resent the interference of the law-makers from the other provinces with their domestic matters, and fear that some day the influence of the other provinces may be injurious to their language and religion.

Separation and independence would probably result in a change of relations between the provinces and the general government that would bring the institutions of Canada more into harmony with those of the United States; but whether the other provinces would consent that Quebec should retain the special privileges which it now enjoys is a question, and this question gives some impulse to the agitation for annexation.

III.—ANNEXATION.

Annexation has long been agitated in Canada. For at least fifty years there have been some British subjects who have been outspoken and determined advocates of a union between the United States and the great British colony. There is, however, no confession that a Canadian can make that will bring upon him so much contempt and dislike from the bulk of his fellow-countrymen as that he is in favor of such a union.

This agitation springs from the same cause that excites discussion of reciprocity and commercial union—the longing of many of the people of the Dominion for a greater prosperity, which they are sure will be brought about by sharing the free-trade advantages of this country. Whether annexation is a problem that is yet seriously presented to the people and the public men of the Dominion is doubtful. The sentiment in behalf of a political union, however, is certainly growing, if we can judge from the increasing number of favorable expressions in the public prints. Moreover, many men who believe that Canada and the United States should join their fortunes have recently grown very bold in declaring their sentiments. Professor Goldwin Smith has brought down upon himself a warning from a Toronto newspaper that a published interview in an American journal renders him liable to the penalty of expatriation. An ex-officer of the government, dismissed from his place for his annexation sentiments, has nevertheless advocated them in a public park in Montreal, the city of the province of Quebec in which the English and Scotch are most powerful. The meeting at which this address was delivered was polled, and more votes were cast in favor of annexation than for independence or continued colonialism. It is possibly true that all these facts do not indicate a deep-seated feeling in favor of annexation, but they are certainly significant of something, and when M. Mercier, the ex-Premier of Quebec, promises to lead a movement for independence, it is clear that the union of Canada and Great Britain is seriously threatened.

M. Mercier is a leader of the French Radicals. He is probably more in favor of annexation than of independence, for annexation would more quickly, possibly more certainly than independence, give to the French Canadians absolute control of their own affairs, and allay the haunting fear that is inspired by the dominance of the Protestant English, who increase in numbers, while the French-Canadian population is growing more slowly than the natural increase of their families. But so long as the Conservatives remain in power the great majority of the prelates, and of those who are still under the domination of the prelates, will be against annexation or independence. The Liberals of the maritime provinces, of Quebec, Ontario, and the western provinces, will have the alliance of the Church when they can give the assurance that Quebec shall be as independent and sovereign as an American State in the control of its own internal affairs.

There are really only two alternatives for those who desire a substantial and essential change in the condition of Canada. Full reciprocity, commercial union, or continental free trade, whatever may be the designation of the device, will mean nothing more nor less than independence or annexation. The imperial government will not continue to lend its army and navy and its diplomatic service to a country that discriminates against its commerce and in favor of the commerce of the United States.

An independent Canada under Liberal rule might come into free-trade relations with this country, but it is doubtful, as has been already said, if the English-speaking provinces would consent to a constitution that would leave to the province of Quebec its language, its laws, and its religion. No general government could be formed that would not feel the French and Catholic influence of Quebec at the federal capital. The race and religious differences that now exist might be modified by a reversal of the present system, by changing the relations of provinces and Dominion so that power and grants of power would emanate from the former instead of the latter, but these differences could not be entirely overcome so long as the races remain devoted to their own institutions, tongues, and creeds.

Annexation is the rational solution from the Canadian point of view, provided that the colonial condition is to be abandoned. This is a very important proviso, for the strength of the movement for a change is something that has yet to be measured. If Canada should come into the Union, the English-speaking provinces would be rid of the French Canadian politician and priest, and Quebec would be rid of the Englishmen, who are always suspected, rightly or wrongly, of being about to break faith with their French neighbors. It is sure that the French Canadian would go to Congress, that his electoral votes would have to be reckoned with, that he would be entitled to the privileges of a citizen in every State of the Union, and that the Federal courts would be called upon to interpret his law. But he would be relatively of less importance at Washington than at Ottawa, while Ontario and the other Dominion provinces would share what they consider their burden with forty-four, possibly forty-seven, other States. In other words, Quebec, with the Dominion in the United States, would be able to enjoy all its political and ecclesiastical peculiarities with the least possible annoyance to her sister provinces.

It is seldom that the Canadian annexationist looks at his proposition from the point of view of the United States. It does not seem to occur to him that this country might object to taking the Dominion, with its debts, its railroads, its subsidies, and its peculiar and ineradicable institutions. The Québeçois believe that we would welcome them, and their faith is shared by their fellow-countrymen throughout the Dominion. It is far from being certain that the Congress of the United States would dare to bestow upon a Roman Catholic province the rights and powers of Statehood, including the power to maintain an established Church, to administer the law of the seventeenth century, to legislate and adjudicate in French, and to send to Washington Senators and Representatives who could not speak English, and whose contributions to debates would consequently have to be interpreted to their fellow-legislators. And it is absolutely certain that the annexation of Canada would increase our own tendency to centralization.

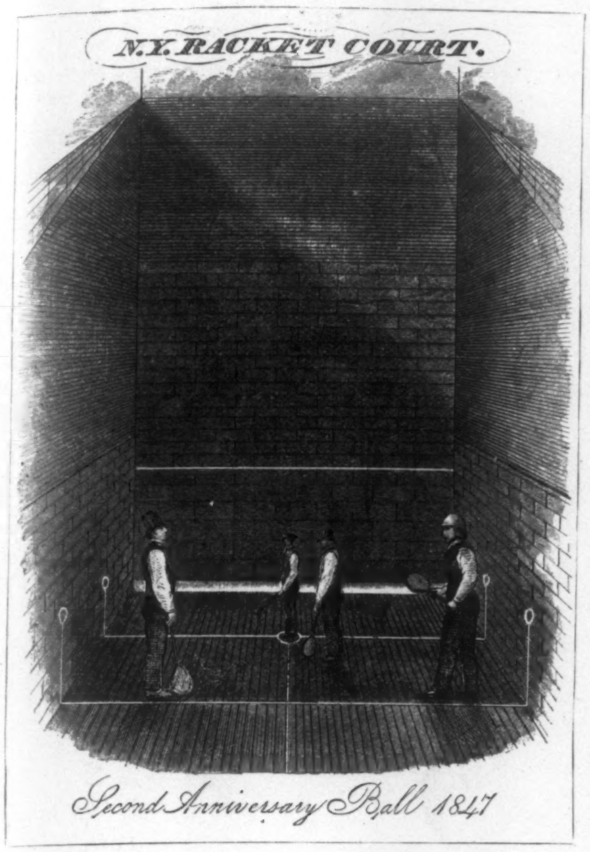
From all of these considerations it appears that whatever there is of importance in the internal movement for a change of Canada's condition, the Dominion is only at the beginning of its interesting problem.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

STEPHEN AMBROSE WALKER.

STEPHEN AMBROSE WALKER, the well-known lawyer, passed away on Sunday, February 5th, at his residence in New York. Mr. Walker's death was a sad surprise to his friends, as his illness had been only of a few days' duration, the cause being pneumonia. He was born in Brattleboro, Vermont, November 2, 1835, being the son of a Congregational minister. After graduating from the Middlebury (Vermont) College in 1858, Mr. Walker went to Ohio, where he engaged in teaching. Later he became principal of a school at Binghamton, New York. During this period he followed the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1861. Upon the breaking out of the war Mr. Walker became paymaster in the army, and served in Virginia and the Department of the Gulf until the close of hostilities. He then attended the lectures in the Law Department of Columbia College for a time, and entered the firm of Buckham, Smales, & Walker. Upon the retirement of the senior partner and the death of Mr. Smales, after a few years, Mr. Walker conducted the business by himself, continuing in active practice of the law until his death.

Mr. Walker was a man of many parts. He won a deserved reputation in his profession, and was always actively employed in law pursuits, but he was also interested in many outside matters. He was a member of the Tilden Library Trust, and connected with municipal and educational movements of public interest. He served for some time on the Board of Education, being its President for six years, retiring, in 1886, upon his appointment as the United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York by President Cleveland. Mr. Walker was a member of the University and Lawyers' clubs, and an officer of the Bar Association. He was unmarried, and lived with his brother, Dr. Henry F. Walker, a prominent physician of New York. Another brother, the Rev. George L. Walker, and one sister, who is the wife of Professor Boardman, of the Union Park Theological Seminary of Chicago, survive him. The funeral services were held on February 7th from the University Place Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Dr. George Alexander officiating. The interment was made at Pittsford, Vermont. The United States Court was adjourned for the day, and many judges and prominent members of the bar were present at the service. The pall-bearers were Wheeler H. Peckham, Commissioner Lummis, Charles S. Fairchild, George W. Van Slyck, Alexander E. Orr, Charles E. Miller, A. C. Brown, and Joseph Park.



THE RACQUET AND TENNIS CLUB OF NEW YORK.*

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

THE history of the Racquet and Tennis Club is the history of racquets in the United States. The club has the distinction of being not alone the oldest racquet organization in the country, but one of the oldest social clubs as well. This year it might, if it chose, celebrate its one hundredth anniversary.

Though it has not had an unbroken history since it was founded, having lived several lives under as many different names, and in as many different localities of New York, nevertheless racquets have been always its *raison d'être*, and its membership has invariably maintained the same high standard with which it began.

In 1793 Robert Knox, who came to America from Paisley, Scotland, bought the property and put up the first racquet-court on Allen Street, between Canal and Hester. Canal Street in days a little earlier than these was called Pump Street, and at the time this court was built it was called Walker. Robert Knox, besides being a racquet-player of some ability, was of the gregarious disposition that enjoyed good company, and one of his ideas in organizing the club was to bring together the congenial spirits who were wont to have a rubber at whist in the evening when the afternoon's play had put them in the humor for it.

It is too bad that a photograph of this first home of the Racquet Club could not be obtained. It would make a strong contrast indeed to the present palatial house on Forty-third Street. Allen Street in those days was one of the best resident centres in the city. Many of the old families lived within a stone's-throw of the club, and the Schermerhorn property immediately adjoined it. The building, in keeping with the rugged natures of those early days, was simplicity itself. It was a two-story frame house, absolutely ungarnished, and it sat back from the street the distance of about half a lot. Along the front ran a fence, and the gate through which the members entered was made of unplaned boards, and swung on barn-door hinges. A sash-weight at the end of a cord that ran over a pulley served instead of the liveried flunky that now opens and closes the door for you in Forty-third Street. There was not a great deal of style put on in those days, but the members of the club, like the liquors that stood on a table free to all, were of the finest old stock in the land.

The membership was very exclusive. None but the old families were admitted, and such a thing as calling a man up before the Board of Governors was unheard of—indeed, there was no Board of Governors. He who represented the official corresponding to the President of to-day was called the Chancellor. Ferguson Livingston was the first Chancellor, and as there are no records to show his successor, he must have overshadowed any of those who followed him, or filled the office until the last days of the club. About the only matters which came up for the Chancellor to act upon were controversies over whist or racquets, and these disputes were all referred to him for decision. The usual preliminary consisted of a little impromptu debating society, which was followed by the Chancellor's decision, which usually was to fine the loser a bottle of wine.

The court at the back of the building was 120 feet long, with no roof, and a back wall 60 feet high, while the side walls, which at the rear were as high as the back wall, sloped down to the front of the court to below 40 feet in height. They were built of stone and brick. The cut at the head of this article, which is a fac-simile of the front cover of a dancing programme of the second anniversary ball given by this club in 1847, will give a very good idea of the first court. The lower part of the walls was stone. There were no covers over the court whatever, and the floor was made of the best boards that could be purchased, and put together by the most skilful carpenters in the city. When it rained, those who wanted to play racquets were obliged to wait until the court dried. The building itself, which was only one room deep, faced the front of the court; indeed, it was built directly against it. The room downstairs contained lockers and a pump, and rejoiced in the distinction of being the dressing-room.

At first there was no wire netting between this and the court, so that members who were preparing for battle were not infrequently pelted by the balls, while those who were watching the game on the piazza directly in front were kept pretty busy dodging. Afterwards a netting was put up. As there were no "ladies' days," and none of the gentle sex ever passed through the simple gate in the alley, there was no especial necessity for completing any of these little details, and simplicity in 1793 was the order of the day. The upstair's room in the Allen Street house might have been the reception-room, though it really was called the whist-room, for it was there that many a game was contested and many a jolly evening spent. In the centre a Franklin-stove held forth during the winter, and a crude table filled one corner. On this table there was always present a tray which contained tumblers and decanters, and the finest gin and brandy in the city. It will make the mouth of many a clubman of to-day water to know that the gin and brandy were free to the members, and that champagne sold for two dollars a bottle, and Havana cigars for five cents apiece.

The stairs that led from the lower story up to this whist-room were of the cellar variety. They had no railing until Thaddeus Phelps, who was one of the earlier members, missed his footing and broke his leg, and then by order of the Chancellor they ran a rope from the top to the bottom, and after one of the evenings at whist, when any one started for home, it was the invariable custom for him to be lighted down the hazardous way by a fellow-member and a candle. Candles, by-the-way, were their means of lighting; but they were imported sperm candles, and the silver sticks would have made the heart of a present day bric-à-brac connoisseur glad.

It is unfortunate that no one of the members of that old club has left any written reminiscences of those jolly days. What is here presented is gathered through the courtesy of Mr. Robert Knox, who is a grandson of the founder of the club, Robert Knox, and of course he gets them from his father, who as a youngster I have

(*Continued on page 158.*)

ROBERT KNOX.

E. LA MONTAGNE.

THE CLUB-HOUSE.

* For further illustrations on this subject see page 160.

JUNIOR PROMENADE AT YALE—THE D[A]NCE

[See Page 159.]

E IN THE ARMORY.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.

(*Continued from page 155.*)

no doubt heard many a tale of the sport that the first American racquet club furnished its members. One of the stories that have come down directly from Robert Knox sounds odd in days of our dressing-rooms with their lockers and combination locks. In the first days of the old Allen Street club a plain wooden trough was the common receptacle for members' valuables when they went to play. Watches, rings, and their money were put, each in its little parcel, in that primitive safe.

As for playing-costume, aside from the elaborate moccasins that were worn, no effort was made at all for any distinctive playing-garb, as the cut at the head of the article will show. Each member kept a pair of trousers, probably, of no especial design, and a change of linen. The moccasins were the pride of their hearts. They were made throughout of buckskin, and of a peculiar pattern, inasmuch as the top part came rather high on the ankle, and was turned down in a roll which gave it quite a natty finish. The soles were very thick, and the entire affair was very ornate.

It was the custom to have at the entrance to the court a little powdered resin which the members would put on the soles of their moccasins to keep them from slipping. The racquets in those days were strong, clumsy affairs, which could not be broken very easily, but required a man in mighty good training to handle. The balls were of a very fine quality, and much more picturesque than they are to-day. They were made of white woollen yarn dampened and wound as tightly as could be over a piece of solid round rubber about the size of a marble. They were covered with white kid, and sewed with different colors of silk, such as blue, yellow, and scarlet, and when in a box together made rather a pretty effect.

It was not to be expected that this Allen Street house would long be large enough to hold the increasing membership of the club, and later it was enlarged by a brick building being built to occupy the front part of the lot. For the first time, therefore, the members had entrance directly from the street to their club-house, and the old wooden gate in the alley fell into disuse. Compared to the wooden building in the rear, this new addition was quite pretentious, and it also had two rooms—one upstairs and one downstairs. In the top room was the one billiard table of the club, and it was a great affair in those days, while downstairs was the dressing-room. This latter made the innovation of having lockers for the racquets and clothing, and as Croton water had been introduced by this time, the members revelled in wash-basins, and the trough which had held the valuables of members for so many years was laid aside.

And so the club grew. There is no record of exactly how many members there were at this time, but there must have been a couple of hundred. They were elected by acclamation, and there was no initiation fee, the dues being ten dollars a year. Neither were there any markers, and the members did their own calling besides paying for the privilege of

A CORNER IN THE READING-ROOM.

playing. Along in about 1840–50 the club was in its zenith. A great many matches were played, and they were made for pretty big stakes, $500 to $1000 being the usual amount.

Robert Knox at this time was the crack player of the club, and no one was found skilful enough to stand against him until some time later Mr. Edward La Montagne came down from Montreal.

Among those names which I have been able to gather as being members of the club during its earliest days are Gideon Potts, Henry Coit, William Bradford, Ferguson Livingston, Thomas Addis and Robert Emmet, Philip, John, and Henry Hone, Commodore Vanderbilt, Hugh Maxwell, Jesse Hoit, Amos Palmer, Thaddeus Phelps, Henry and Richard Suydam, Herman Leroy, Isaac Townsend (this was the father of the present President of the club), Gabriel Wisner, Anthony Winans, and about all the male members of the Schermerhorn, Leroy, and Pendleton families.

The club remained in possession of its Allen Street home until about 1850, when the property was sold and the club dissolved. The court and buildings were torn down, and on the site where many a royal game had been won and lost, and many a jolly whist-rubber decided, a public-school building was erected.

During the last years of the Allen Street club a public affair had been built on the Bowery, which had a bowling-alley as well as a court, but it was not patronized by the best class. On the sale of the Allen Street property some of the members used to play their games at this public court, but most of them perpetuated the old club by banding together, under the new name of the Broadway Racquet-Court Club, and locating on the property adjoining the present Metropolitan Hotel's new stores. This was quite the most elaborate court that had been constructed in this country. It was

B. S. DE GARMENDIA.

built by Richard Carmen to surpass anything that had yet been seen in the way of a social club building in this country. It had a roofed racquet-court 120 by 36 feet, bowling-alleys, billiard and card rooms, a restaurant, dressing-rooms, and baths, and was quite the finest thing in town at that time. It was leased to the club about 1850, and here once again the Allen Street whist partners sat down for their games, and the good-fellowship of the first club was resumed in its more modern house.

The racquet-court was a great feature, with spacious and comfortable galleries, which were filled with the *élite* of the city whenever there was a match; and here, too, an innovation was made by having ladies admitted on certain days. It was their first opportunity of seeing racquets played, and they enjoyed the game immensely.

The best players of that day were Beverley Robinson, Lewis M. Rutherfurd, R. S. Hone, Robert Edgar, John A. Post, and William J. Emmet, but no one of them was a match for Mr. E. La Montagne, who at this time was on a visit to New York from Montreal, and a guest of the club.

The life of the Broadway club, however, was short. It was very successful while it lasted, but in about 1855 the property was sold for business purposes, and once more the racquet-players found themselves without a court. The game had secured so strong a place in the affections of sportsmen, however, that in about 1856 a number of them approached Mr. E. La Montagne, who by this time had settled in New York and immediately become a leader of the game, and urged him to build a court, which he agreed to do provided he was guaranteed seven per cent. of his investment for four years. Consequently, October 20, 1856, the Gymnasium Club was founded, with Thomas Addis Emmet, President; Robert S. Hone, Secretary; and D. Lydig Suydam, Treasurer; and the Governing Committee consisted of William H. Leroy, W. Butler Duncan, Charles De Rham, Newbould Edgar, Charles Wright, Alfred C. Craven, Robert Edgar, William J. Emmet, Lewis M. Rutherfurd, Robert Leroy, J. Watson Averell, Samuel M. Fox, Robert Emmet, E. S. Munn, John C. White, Augustus La Montagne, R. Oliver Colt, Louis Borg, Murray Hoffman, Jun., and Joseph Grafton.

Mr. La Montagne leased a plot of ground 50 by 100 on Thirteenth Street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, and erected a two-story building with a high basement at the cost of $25,000. It was a very comfortable little club, and the list of members soon ran up to four hundred. Indeed, the game of racquets was kept up constantly, so popular had it become, and every evening the whist and billiard rooms were filled, while over bowling there was a perfect furor. The court was unlike any that had been seen in the United States up to that time, as it was according to the dimensions of English courts, namely, 65 by 32. The front wall was of solid masonry, polished stone; the floor was of English pine, and the side walls of thick planks. Cemented courts were unknown here forty years ago.

Many important matches were played on the Thirteenth Street court. It was there that William Gray, then champion of England, played Fred Foulks for $2500 a side. The match was to be six games in New York and six in Belfast, and if a tie, the aces were to decide. Gray won the majority of games in the match, but a few days afterward the two played a game for a purse made up by the members, and Foulks won after the finest exhibition of racquets that had ever been seen anywhere.

The improvement in the game by this time had been rapid—in fact more rapid than the improvement in the courts—and there were several very fine players who were members of the club. Messrs. L. M. Rutherfurd, Robert Edgar, R. S. Hone, Augustus La Montagne, and David Lydig were among the best; but Mr. E. La Montagne still maintained his lead, and was able to give any one of them a considerable handicap. Mr. La Montagne was in his prime in those days, and was thought equal to the best amateurs in the world.

The club became a very popular institution. There were weekly dinners, at which twenty to thirty sat down, and the cuisine was tip-top. Besides this, the feature of ladies' day, that had been begun at the Broadway house, was continued, and bowling matches between the ladies were inaugurated.

After the expiration of Mr. La Montagne's agreement with the club, the building was sold to Mr. A. S. Thorp, who continued it in the same way until 1868, when he sold it for business purposes. Thus it came about that from 1868 until 1875 there was no racquet-court in New York and no club.

The interest in the game, however, had grown so strong during the Thirteenth Street club that there was every year a more urgent demand for such another house. Appreciating this feeling, the late William R. Travers, Rutherfurd Stuyvesant, A. Wright Sanford, and others, in 1875 turned their attention to a scheme proposed by Mr. A. S. Thorp to build a club-house with two racquet-courts, bowling-alleys, and all the requisites of a well-appointed club, provided $50,000 of third-mortgage bonds were taken by the members. The arrangement was made, and on April 28, 1875, the Racquet-court Club was organized. Mr. Thorp bought the property on the corner of Twenty-sixth Street and Sixth Avenue, for which he paid $115,000, and built the club-house (which is still standing there and occupied by the University Athletic Club) for $150,000, and an agreement was entered into with the governors of the club to pay out of the annual dues a rental of about $14,000 per annum.

It was a very successful venture. The club opened in its new building on May 27, 1876, and from that time until to-day it has continued to thrive, increasing in membership and prestige.

It would take a great deal more space than is at my dis-

A FIREPLACE IN THE RECEPTION-ROOM.

posal at this writing to go into the history of the club since 1875, and as since that date its record is well known, I have devoted myself to its earlier and less familiar side. It has been fortunate in always having good sportsmen as officers, who have kept the standard of the game and the membership of the club high. The members have an abundance of sport provided for them every season, and the general management of the club has always been of the very best.

A MUSICAL MEMBER.

The first officers of the club were: president, William R. Travers; vice-president, Rutherfurd Stuyvesant; secretary, Matthew Morgan; and treasurer, W. Watts Sherman. It became apparent in the latter part of the eighties that the Twenty-sixth Street house was too small for the growing demands of the club, and the question of a new house, and one more in keeping with the club's position, was agitated. The result was the securing of a piece of property on Forty-third Street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, and the erection at a cost of $300,000, of a building which is one of the handsomest club-houses in the United States.

On February 21, 1890, the name was changed to that of the Racquet and Tennis Club, and on April 30, 1891, it moved into its new home. This building is probably the most elaborate of its kind in the world. It has two racquet-courts, a tennis-court, a gymnasium, bowling-alleys, a shooting range, boxing and fencing rooms, and everything that a sportsman could possibly desire.

Since the removal to Forty-third Street there have been several notable matches on its courts. Mr. Percy Ashworth, one of the best amateur players of England, defeated our champion, B. Spalding de Garmendia, handily, and the match showed the superiority of the English over the American player. As a rule, the players in this country do not use their wrists sufficiently in striking the ball. They hit from the shoulder, which is caused, presumably, by the baseball practice, while the English players are mostly skilled at cricket, where the wrist comes into play much more. Mr. Ashworth also played Moore, the club's professional marker, and came very near beating him even.

Another noteworthy match was that in court tennis between Peter Latham and Thomas Pettit, in which the latter, giving odds, was defeated.

E. LA MONTAGNE, JUN.

The club has for some years had annual matches open only to the members. A handsome silver cup is presented each year to the winner of the Racquet Championship, and the tournament attracts a large amount of attention and interest. Since the organization of these tournaments, in 1876, the winners of these cups have been the following:

1876—E. La Montagne.	1884—W. Shippen.
1877—George C. Allen.	1885—L. M. Rutherfurd, Jun.
1878—J. T. Soutter.	1886—P. Allen.
1879—E. La Montagne.	1887—C. L. Perkins.
1880—George C. Allen.	1888—B. S. de Garmendia.
1881—David Lydig.	1889—B. S. de Garmendia.
1882—L. M. Rutherfurd, Jun.	1890—B. S. de Garmendia.
1883—L. M. Rutherfurd, Jun.	1891—J. S. Tooker.
1892—E. La Montagne, Jun.	

Besides these annual matches, open only to the members of the club, a national championship was opened two years ago. The tournament is held one year in New York and the next in Boston. The games have proved of the greatest interest, the championship being won in 1891 by B. S. de Garmendia, at New York, and by J. S. Tooker, in 1892, at Boston. B. S. de Garmendia won the Tennis Championship for 1892.

For further illustrations see page 160.

CONSTRICTOR AND CANARY.

When the boa-constrictor fixes his glittering eye on the canary-bird, the canary-bird becomes exceedingly restless, and flutters and tries to get away. But it does not succeed. It cannot escape the boa-constrictor's fascinations, and in spite of all its shuddering struggles, it stays where it was and gets swallowed up.

There could hardly be an apter illustration of the attitude of the gentler sex toward crinoline. The intelligence has gone out that crinoline is coming. All Caucasian womankind has heard the news, and believes it, but we have not learned of any woman (not deformed) who is pleased at the prospect. The American girl shudders at it. There is anxious eagerness in her vision as she picks up the newest fashion paper and looks at the pictures. "See," she says, "how skirts are spreading already at the bottom. It has begun to come. It will reach the knee by June, and the waist by Thanksgiving." She thinks, with a grimace, of the inconvenience of hoop-skirts at horse shows and football games; but not to wear them if they come does not enter her mind. If the big shops once sell them, and the people of high fashion once put them on, that settles it. In the matter of garments her duty is perfectly simple, and free from complications. It is to buy what is sold in the big shops and worn by the people of the first fashion. If she hesitates, what happens? The big shops start a sacrifice sale, and offer bargains. Then there is no hope. She is gone. Bargains and the height of fashion at the same time! Resistance is worse than vain; it is extravagant. A fortnight later it is done, and three girls abreast measure precisely the width of the sidewalk on Fifth Avenue.

Yet it is a solemn thing to revive such a monstrosity as the hoop-skirt. Think of the effect of such a radical change of fashion on the value of half-worn gowns! Think how it will work in the town of Boston, where some of the most crowded thoroughfares have sidewalks only five or six feet wide. In a year's time, when the mode shall have environed the indispensable order of serving-maids, think of the resulting inconvenience to people with small dining-rooms!

It is a pity that all women should think it necessary to keep in the fashion. That is well enough for people who are chiefly concerned with the ceremonial side of life, to whom garb is an amusement, and bedizenment a recreation. But it would seem as if women to whom gowns appeal in some measure as clothing, and who have to wear their clothes out, might feel somewhat less constrained to rehabilitate their wardrobes according to all the casual fluctuations of modish apparels.

But it does not work that way. The canary has wings, to be sure, but once the boa-constrictor's eye is on it, it cannot fly away. It cries out and flutters and struggles, but in the end the serpent makes a meal of it, and smiles and wipes his mouth.

E. S. M.

JUNIOR PROMENADE AT YALE.

BY WALTER CAMP.

"Of the steps that we took to one fiddle,
Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis*,
And how I once went down the middle
With the man who shot Sandy McGee."

And although the steps taken by the girl of the Junior promenade were hardly taken to the scrape of one lone fiddle, did she not pass and repass, perhaps even dance with, not the man who shot Sandy McGee, but that equally celebrated and thrilling individual the man who slew the Princeton Tiger? Did she not have a *deux temps* with the man who beat Harvard?

A Junior promenade at New Haven means far more than one evening's dance. Some, indeed, come for that evening only, but the real true promenade girl comes for a half-week, and never misses a moment of it all, beginning Monday, and sinking at last into the carriage after the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," have scattered the dancers in the Armory on Thursday morning.

Such an additional feature as the opening this year of the new gymnasium during the festivities had, in the mind of the promenade girl, only a small amount of thought bestowed upon it, when compared to the class germans, the Glee Club concert, and the grand ball itself. The story of a young woman who spends promenade week at New Haven is replete with jolly incident—a round of gayety with enough spice of lark about it to make it seem doubly attractive. Long, long ago, even before Thanksgiving, the brother of her very dearest chum invited her, and since then she has been looking forward, counting the days to it. At the football game she met many of his friends, and each said he would see her at the promenade. During the match she often wondered if she would actually dance with some of those heroes then tumbling about in the fierceness of the struggle. Weeks ago a letter told her that her card was filled even to the last intermission and four extras, and perhaps a list of the names was sent her. Among them she found several whom she met on Thanksgiving day, but many whom she knew only as she had heard them spoken of by her chum; some other names, too, which meant nothing to her. She longed for the time to come; for the promenade girl is not *blasé*. The type is a better one, not "Prue" nor "Belle Marquise," but a whole-souled, fun-loving young woman.

Monday comes at last, and all the way to New Haven she can think of only her dances, her gowns, and her partners. The train pulls into the station. The party met, and at once bundled into the carriage and rolled away to the New Haven House, directly opposite the campus, which she sees for the first time. And then an unexpected surprise awaits them, for a sleigh-ride has been planned, and as soon as they have had luncheon off they go behind the merry jingle of bells. Then a couple of private teas in students' rooms, where she meets here and there a man whose name is on her card, then back to the hotel and dinner. In the evening a class german, where the remark becomes quite familiar to her ear: "Can I have a dance with you? You'll find my name on your card for Wednesday evening." Tuesday comes, and she is taken over to morning chapel, and after that for a walk about the campus. In the afternoon she goes to the gymnasium, and the next day sees the crew practise in the tank, is told all about the individuals who hope to be the pride of the Thames next summer at New London. Then on Tuesday and Wednesday there are the receptions and teas at the society houses "Berzelius," "43," and "The Cloister," where, at the daintiest little tables and in the prettiest of cozy rooms, she sips tea and chats with such jolly men that she begins to believe that they are almost as nice as her chum's brother.

In the evening, directly after dinner, comes one of the pleasantest features of the week, the concert of the Glee and Banjo clubs. The catching college songs, the *esprit* of the singers, and the lively sympathy and appreciation of the audience; the air of more a reception than a concert; the pleasant and informal little calls made by the men in the audience upon their friends in box and stalls—all go to make up a most charming and unique affair. And at ten o'clock—for the concert is over by that time—a small dance, perhaps another german. Then Wednesday, and our young woman has just begun to realize that the fun is nearly over. After another day of teas, receptions, and calls, with a stolen hour or two for a beauty-sleep, and nine o'clock finds her almost ready for the grand event. She has made many a little mental, and, to tell tales, even a written, note against a surreptitiously concealed list of the men whose names are on her card, in order that she may know what she has in common with the unknown. In a half-hour the carriage comes, and off they go to the Armory, a huge affair whose barren barnlike aspect has been wholly concealed by draperies in the hands of professional decorators.

"Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall."

In a blaze of light, under a roof made of long strips of festooned draperies, the floor of the Armory, covered with crash, stretches out like a frosted lake, bounded on all sides by a bank of stalls, which are already becoming filled by the gathering dancers and chaperons. Each box is fitted up according to the taste and wish of the occupants, some being most elaborately furnished with all the fittings from the house of the owner, another with goods from the upholsterers, while still others are more practically packed with smaller chairs, over which are thrown the extra wraps. Above the heads of the dancers hang two great eight-oared shells, symbolic of the race of last June, while a huge football calls attention to the fact that all the sports are remembered. At ten o'clock the dancing actually begins, and the floor speedily becomes one mass of whirling couples. From that time not a moment is lost, for one band plays during the intermission, while the other plays for the regular dancers, but there is no cessation, no apparent surfeit among the dancers. Intermission and dances are all alike, and by the time that the last extra is finished, our promenade girl has danced the flying hours well into Thursday morning. Then, sinking against the cushions of the carriage, she hardly knows how she reaches the hotel and her room, but, just as the sky is beginning to grow light, she falls asleep to dream over again the delights of the three days.

And to the men, as they go back to their rooms, there is something sombre about the thought that it is all over; that the swish of the pretty gown, the bright smile, the odor of the crushed flowers, are only memories, and the half-week's gayety, which has made such a pleasant break in the midwinter monotony of college life, has gone like a dream. But the touch of romance and sentiment the promenade brings with it will occasionally slip in between the leaves of the book a stray flower or two, whose perfume may unexpectedly throw the chance reader into a reverie for many a day during the next few months, and account for some astonishingly poor recitation of even the best of students.

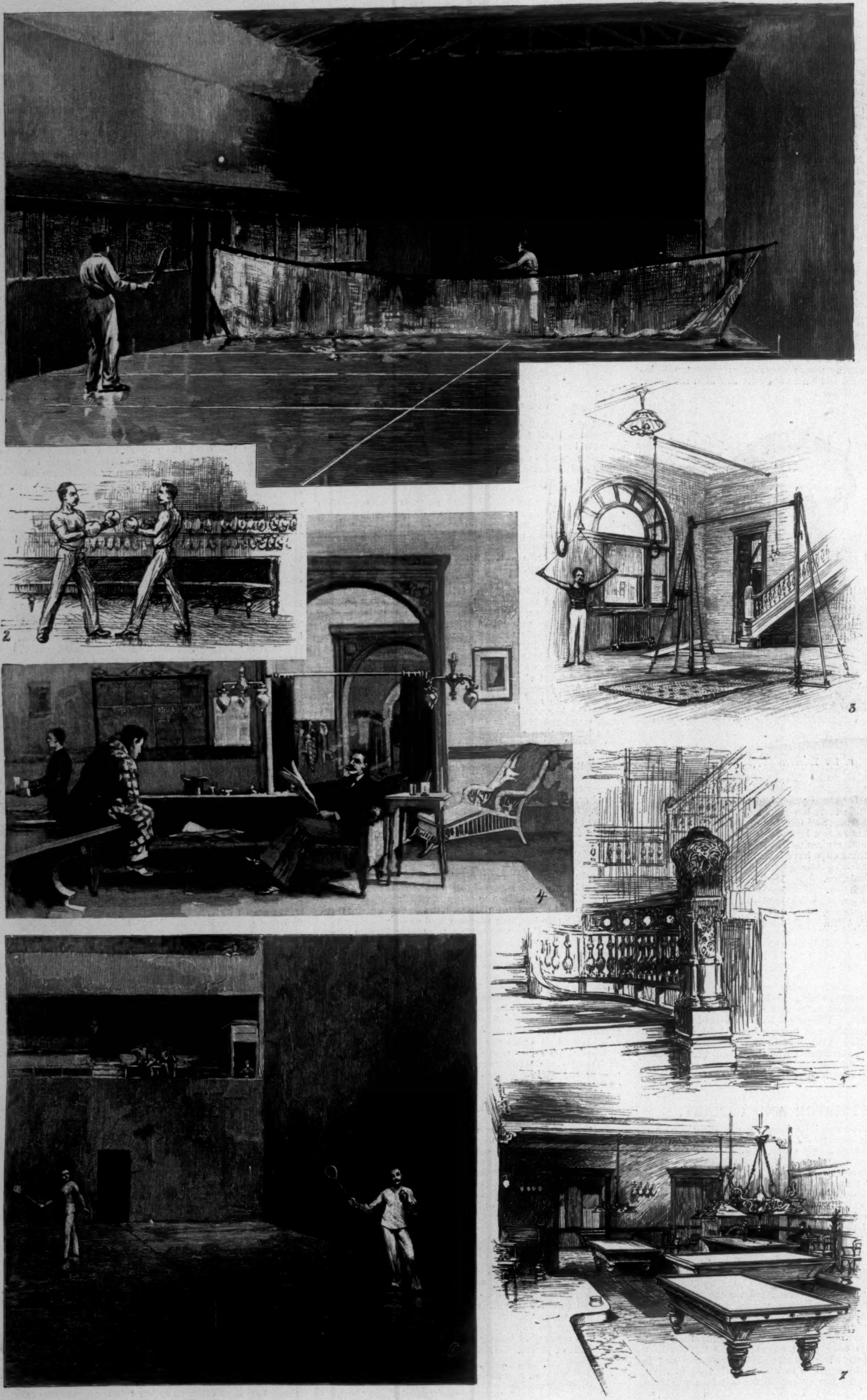
A GREAT ACTRESS.

We print this week the portrait of a great actress, Miss Eleonora Duse, or Duse-Checchi, as she is known in Italy, whose recent rise to fame has been of such meteorlike rapidity and brilliancy that the world sits, so to speak, agape with astonishment, and lost in wonder at that perfection of art which has so suddenly raised its possessor to the commanding artistic position she now occupies. Miss Duse, whose home is in Venice, was born some thirty years ago in Vigevano, a small town in northern Italy. The associations of her parentage and early childhood were theatrical, both her father and grandfather having been actors of some little local reputation, so in consequence Miss Duse first trod the boards at the early age of twelve. If results may be taken as an indication, the experience she gained during the following years, when she wandered as a member of a small travelling band of players all over Italy, was most valuable. There is no royal road to fame, and Miss Duse's path, judging from all accounts, must have been hard enough at the first. It is a long road indeed that knows no turning, and after a while, in Bologna, in Florence, and in Naples, the light of Miss Duse's art began to shine through, and in a few short years the Italian people were all ready to worship at her shrine. Italy is a fruitful field of artistic talent, and many artistic flowers are born there to blush unseen by the great world beyond; but Miss Duse at her first sally conquered the great world, which is now ready to acknowledge her as an actress of absolutely first rank.

It was a more than usually critical audience that assembled to judge this young artist on her first appearance in New York, but it was an audience that went home convinced that they had been privileged to witness the birth of a new dramatic star; after that first night the only question remaining to be settled was that of her versatility, which has now been abundantly proven. Miss Duse does not portray a character; she is the character she portrays; and in the various rôles she has assumed during her all too short stay here she has run through the whole gamut of human emotion, and every note she has struck has rung full and true. Absolute truth, indeed, is the predominant characteristic of her wonderfully finished art. In her impersonations we are brought face to face with a truth to nature which is absolutely startling in its fidelity, absolutely convincing in its sincerity. True greatness is never startling, and that is why to some people Miss Duse's art is perhaps at first a little disappointing; but like Niagara, the mighty torrent of that art grows upon one, till we are fairly swept away, carried out of ourselves in wonder at its depth, power, and significance. Miss Duse is an intellectual rather than an emotional actress; she touches our emotions through the brain rather than through the nerves. Her art is therefore psychological rather than temperamental; mental rather than physical. Her climaxes are so carefully led up to that we hardly realize at the moment the full power and significance of the impression produced by them. One cannot but admire the artistic reticence and repose which can produce the greatest emotional effects with the least possible amount of apparent effort.

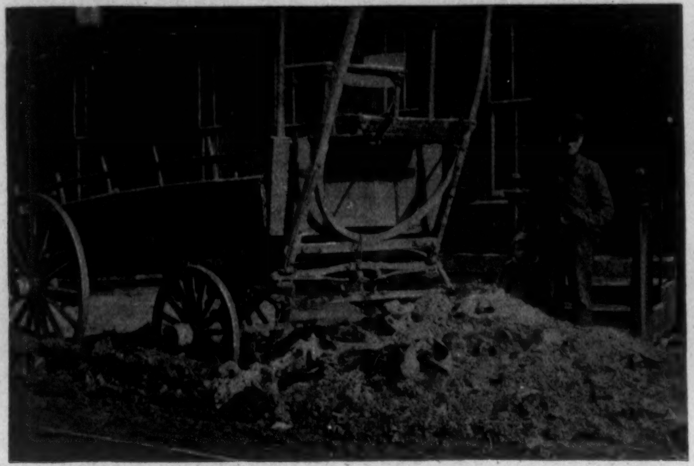
Miss Duse's art is all the greater because she has to contend with certain disadvantages in her personality. While graceful and certainly attractive in appearance, she cannot be called beautiful; and her voice, though sympathetic, lacks the full suave cadences and the striking modulatory contrasts which constitute one of the principal charms of Madame Bernhardt's delivery; but in seeing Miss Duse we lose sight entirely of the woman in the artist, and are only conscious of a personality so absorbing and so magnetic that it can sway our emotions at will, and of an art so finished and so complete that it leaves practically nothing to be desired. Whether as the erring but still lovable Camille, as the passionate Clotilde, as the heartless country coquette in *La Locandiera*, or the very devil incarnate in *La Femme de Claude*, Miss Duse is equally admirable. Her art is always convincing, because essentially sincere; her methods are always effective, because always legitimate; and if that art which by concealing art brings before us an absolutely faithful reproduction of nature be the greatest, Miss Duse, as a complete exemplification of that art, is at the same time a complete justification of the theories upon which it is based; and one of the greatest actresses that have ever appeared in this country or in any other. There may be some who will not concur in this opinion; but where absolute perfection has been attained, the comparative excellence of this or that artist is, and must always be, largely a matter of individual preference and opinion; but surely none will be found to question the perfection of Miss Duse's art, or the almost phenomenal power of her personality, however much they may differ as to her relative status and position as a great actress. It is given to few to be great; none, we think, will deny that Miss Duse has justly earned the right to be considered so.

Reginald de Koven.



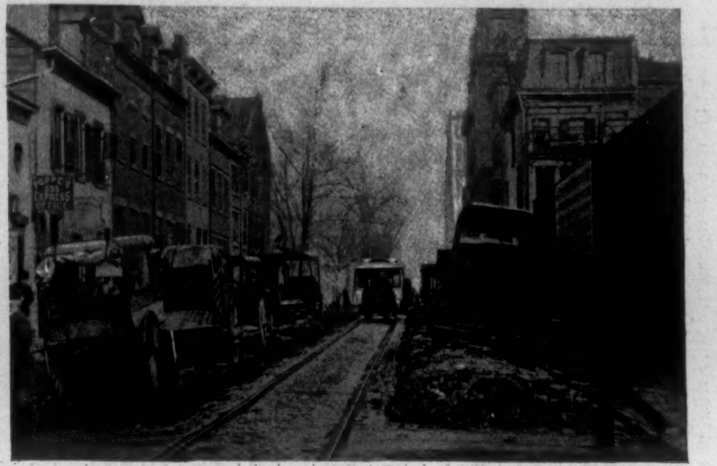
THE RACQUET CLUB, NEW YORK.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.—[See Page 155.]

1. Tennis-Court. 2. Sparring-Room. 3. Gymnasium. 4. Lounging-Room. 5. Main Stairway. 6. Racquet-Court. 7. A Portion of the Billiard-Room.



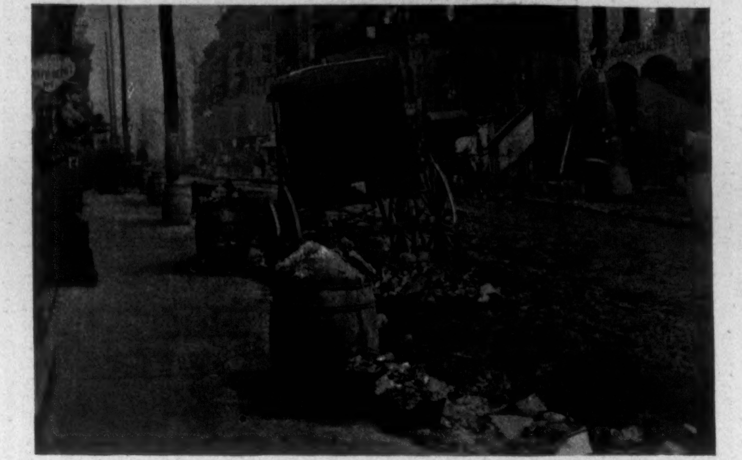
GOERCK STREET.

CORNER BROOME AND COLUMBIA STREETS.
A Tammany Street Cleaner on Duty.

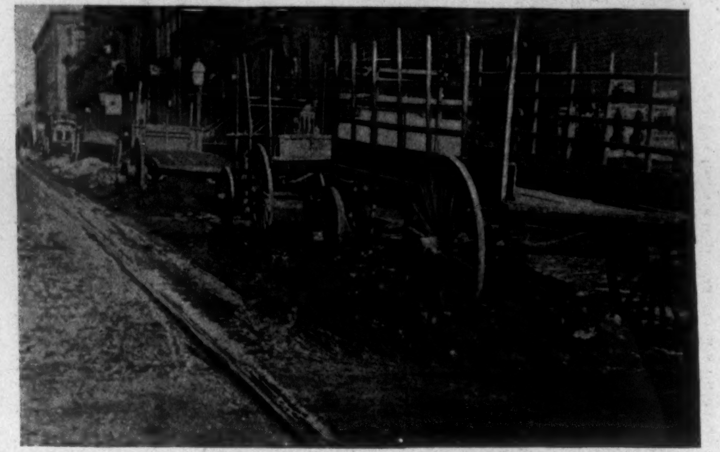


WOOSTER AND THIRD STREETS.

LEWIS AND DELANCEY STREETS.

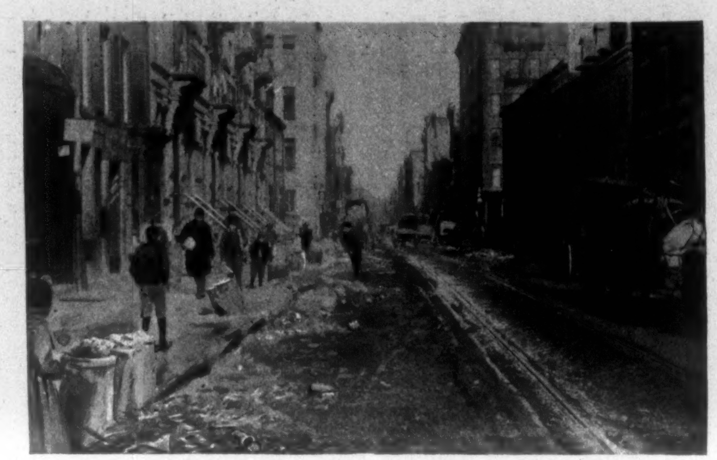


CLINTON STREET NORTH OF RIVINGTON STREET.

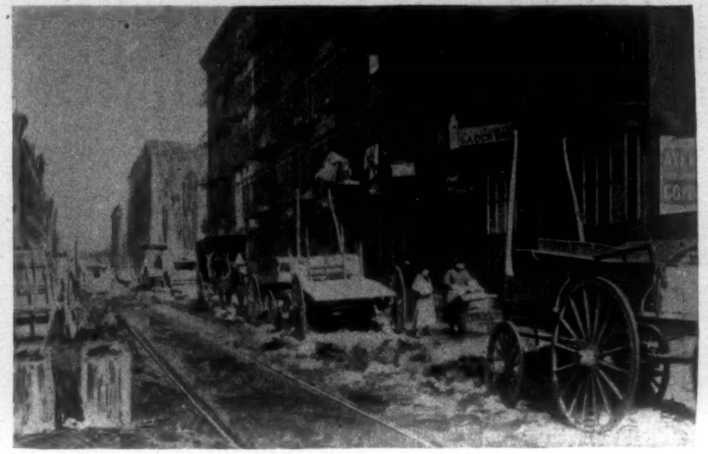


RIVINGTON AND GOERCK STREETS.

LEWIS STREET FROM DELANCEY STREET.



LEWIS STREET NORTH OF DELANCEY STREET.



GOERCK AND DELANCEY STREETS.

HOW TAMMANY HALL NEGLECTS THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.—From Photographs by Langill.—[See Page 166.]

THE dramatic event of last week which deserves the place of honor was the first production in New York of Mr. Oscar Wilde's much-heralded play, *Lady Windermere's Fan*, which opened the twentieth regular season of Mr. Palmer's company on Monday night at Palmer's Theatre. In *Lady Windermere's Fan* Mr. Oscar Wilde has given us a highly diluted reproduction of the *School for Scandal*, cynicized up to date, and given the proper flavor of modernity and *fin de siècle* pessimism by a liberal seasoning of epigram *à la* Theodore Hook and Douglas Jerrold. From Mr. Wilde one has a right to expect fooling, not to say folly, for did he not himself don the motley for commercial purposes when he became the prophet of the sunflower and the messiah of velvet smallclothes? There is plenty of both fooling and folly in *Lady Windermere's Fan;* Mr. Wilde fools pleasantly and satirically with the topics of the times in a manner as light as air, and about as valuable artistically. The folly of the play lies in the fact that it is a tissue of the wildest improbabilities. There is nothing new in the material employed, and Mr. Wilde has not treated this material in a particularly novel way. The dialogue is indeed undeniably clever, with many a pointed and pertinent stab at modern fashions and foibles, but there is too little individuality and too little characterization in the dialogue. The lines or sentiments put into the mouth of any one character might just as appropriately be spoken by any of the other characters, so that we feel that in each instance it is Mr. Wilde, and not the character, who is addressing us.

Lady Windermere's Fan should be rechristened; a more appropriate title would be *The Self-sacrificing Son-in-law*, for never was son-in-law more imposed on by mother-in-law, and never did a son-in-law bow to a mother-in-law's rule with greater apparent equanimity or more docile subservience. Lord Windermere, the son-in-law, in order to save his wife from the knowledge of the continued existence of a mother of decidedly shady reputation, allows said mother, who is supposed by her daughter to have been dead many years, to blackmail him to the extent of providing her with large sums of money and a reintroduction to that society which she had previously outraged. Lady Windermere, being finally informed of the attentions of her husband to a woman of whom the whole town is talking, and being compelled by him to ask this woman to her house, takes her revenge for the supposed injury to herself by adopting the same course of action which she deprecates in the other woman, and agrees to elope with Lord Darlington, a gentlemanly roué, who has declared his passion for her. She leaves her husband's house and goes to Lord Darlington's rooms, leaving a letter for her husband informing him of the fact. This letter is found and read by her mother, who, concealing the fact of his wife's departure from the husband, follows her daughter, and averts the scandal, which seems unavoidable, by claiming as her own a fan which Lady Windermere had dropped when concealing herself in the rooms, thereby allowing her daughter to escape, and sacrificing herself at a time when she had compassed her social rehabilitation by becoming engaged to a noble and brainless lord, whom she had befooled into thinking her an honest woman. Lady Windermere returns to her husband, says nothing to him about her little escapade, and the noble lord is again brainless enough to accept the explanation offered by her mother to account for her appearance in another man's bedroom at two o'clock in the morning.

It seems hardly necessary even to point out the outrageous improbabilities on which these circumstances depend. It is highly improbable that Mrs. Erlynne, the mother, notorious as she is, should have succeeded so long in concealing her identity as the mother of her child; it is still more improbable that Lord Windermere should consent to lose his wife's affection and his life's happiness when a word to his wife would have explained everything; and from these two gross improbabilities, on which the whole play rests, naturally grow many others. Even if one is willing to allow the premises (one must take so much for granted nowadays), *Lady Windermere's Fan*, as a play, is not well constructed. The first act is unconvincing and dull on account of the manifest improbability of the entire situation; the second act is largely taken up with irrelevant incident, which has nothing to do with the case, and which detracts from rather than adds to the main interest of the story; the third act is certainly strong and the best in the piece, but struts along in borrowed plumes—as the screen scene in the *School for Scandal* is more than suggested; while the fourth act, as usual, is entirely unnecessary, and tells us nothing at all. On account of the falsity of the entire basis of the play, the interest of the audience goes out to various subsidiary and episodical characters, whose actions have little or no bearing on the principal story, and who simply appear as the mouthpieces for Mr. Wilde's epigrammatic comments on men, manners, and morals.

In writing *Lady Windermere's Fan*, Mr. Wilde has evidently intended to do for English modern social life what was done for French social life in *Paris Fin de Siècle;* in this he can hardly be said to have been successful. It is possible that the play did not receive full justice at the hands of Mr. Palmer's company. Miss Arthur, while evidently earnest, failed to make Lady Windermere either sympathetic or attractive; while Miss Brookyn, as Mrs. Erlynne, though she exhibited power in certain scenes, was unconvincing and inconsequent, as the character in her hands did not seem to hang together. Mr. Bell made Lord Windermere a rather annoying nonentity; and Mr. Barrymore as Lord Darlington suggested a French perruquier *en fête* in his appearance, and a hero of conventional melodrama in his acting.

On the other hand, the subsidiary characters were all well taken. As the brainless Lord Augustus, Mr. Holland was excellent, and Mrs. Bowers gave an exceedingly finished and humorous sketch of the match-making Duchess of Berwick. Mr. Walden Ramsay also was excellent as the typical English chappie, and was the only one among the men who dressed his part appropriately. Mr. Saville, as a typical club man, and Miss Urhart, as a slyly demure débutante, were also good. Had the play been as accurately dressed as it was superbly mounted, the feeling of reality in regard to its incidents would have been greatly enhanced. Naturally the women were all well dressed, but the men certainly were quite the reverse. This may appear a small point, but it really has much to do with a play which is supposed to illustrate society as it appears. All in all, *Lady Windermere's Fan*, in plot, in dialogue, and in the way it was acted, was a decided disappointment; and it is exceedingly doubtful if it will attain and retain in New York the degree of popularity which it certainly has enjoyed in London.

For what it is—a spectacular melodrama full of elaborate scenic effects and thrilling melodramatic incidents—Mr. Gillette's *Ninety Days* is as good a play as has been seen in New York this winter. In addition to ingenious and elaborate stage effects and pictures, which would be sufficient in themselves to afford an evening's entertainment, the play actually possesses a consistent and interesting story, a fact so unusual in a play of this description as to afford cause for legitimate wonder and amazement. A large fortune has been left to an elderly New England woman on condition that in ninety days she marries a Burmese missionary, a cousin of the testator. The family to whom the fortune goes should this event not take place within the appointed time enlists the services of an American detective to prevent its taking place at any cost, and the contrivances of this gentleman, whereby the New England woman and her family, who set off in search of the missionary, are thrown into mad-houses in Egypt, nearly poisoned in Burmah, shipwrecked on the high seas, with other various and sundry misfortunes and mishaps, make a story which proves an effective vehicle for the display of much mechanical ingenuity in the way of scenery and many gorgeous costumes and properties. The scene in the Burmese palace, where a very effective ballet—the Dance of Death—takes place, is really wonderfully effective. The play is sufficiently well acted to fulfil all requirements, and forms so good an evening's entertainment that it will probably hold the boards at the Broadway Theatre for some time to come. The unsophisticated foreigner on beholding this play would certainly be tempted to wonder at the peculiar attributes and actions of the American detective, who, as a member of an organization designed to uphold the law and protect the rights and property of the citizen, acts in defiance of all law, and instigates, or is a party to, the most horrible and most unwarrantable actions to further the nefarious purposes of his employers.

The many artistic and attractive qualities of Mr. Daly's revival of Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* are amply evidenced by the large audiences which the production has attracted. In regard to Miss Rehan's Katherine, the paradox of calling an impersonation of a thorough shrew thoroughly charming (as it certainly is from an artistic stand-point), is certainly permissible. It is late in the day to descant upon Miss Rehan's admirable impersonation of this most attractive character. It is powerful, consistent, well conceived, and well executed, as the thousands who have seen it in recent years will readily and willingly attest. Although at the time of the original production the part of Petruchio, owing to the illness of Mr. Drew, was played by Mr. Clarke for several weeks, his assumption of the character in this particular production was a novel feature in it to many. Mr. Clarke's rendering of the daring woman-tamer is spirited, vigorous, and manly, and there is in his handling of the character a suggestion of the methods of an earlier school of acting which is not only appropriate, but attractive. Altogether one is inclined to think that Mr. Clarke has hardly ever appeared to better advantage than as Petruchio. The play in other respects was thoroughly well cast, and mounted with all Mr. Daly's accustomed attention and care, so that the revival is in all respects both successful and enjoyable. A word of special praise is due to Mr. Herbert's Hortensio, and Miss Prince's Bianca.

The fall of the house of Hammerstein, so far as English opera is concerned, has effectually killed the hope of permanent opera in that direction, and the rival plans formulated by the rival committees about the purchase of the Metropolitan Opera-house do not seem to give much hope that we shall compass permanent opera in that way either, as no manager under existing operatic conditions could undertake a season of opera at the Metropolitan with any hope of practical success without a guarantee, and with a large proportion of possible receipts practically wiped out, as they would be were either of the proposed schemes carried out. Mr. Hammerstein announces a season of opera to be given at his house by the French company from New Orleans, and promises are held out for the production of several important operatic novelties during this engagement. A former experience of a French company from New Orleans does not, however, lead one to expect that performances which might content Southern opera-goers will be up to the requisite standard of metropolitan excellence. Of this one will have an opportunity of judging later on.

One need not, however, have starved, musically, with two first-class symphony concerts—those of the Boston Orchestra and the Philharmonic Society—a capital concert of chamber music given by the Kneisel Quartet of Boston, and the first of a series of three recitals of romantic piano forte music, given by the well-known composer and pianist, Xaver Scharwenka. At the Philharmonic concert a decided novelty was offered in the shape of a new symphony in C minor, by Klughardt, a German composer, whose name has hitherto been totally unfamiliar to American ears.

In the person of M. Henri Marteau the New York public has had of late various opportunities of hearing a young violinist whose work gives evidence of decided present excellence and still greater future possibilities. From an artistic stand-point Mr. Marteau's style is still somewhat unformed, but his playing is full of sentiment and genuine artistic feeling, and his technical proficiency is already remarkable, and gives promise of still greater excellence. There is at the present time an abandon and passionate intensity to his playing which is eminently attractive, but which may degenerate into reckless carelessness if he is too much led away by the great success which he has undoubtedly already achieved. The danger of success is one which all artists have to encounter and overcome. One is tempted to believe that M. Marteau will remain the victor in any such encounter, as his artistic appreciation and feelings are evidently sincere, and his talents and attainments undeniable. Should he go on as he has begun, the world will hear more of him later.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

THE INSTALLATION OF EXHIBITS.

UNTIL men shall have become faultlessly wise and entirely unselfish the space in any great exhibition will never be so skilfully allotted that all exhibitors and proposed exhibitors will be satisfied. It appears to make little difference whether the space at the disposal of the installation officer is great or small, there are always some who are not pleased with the manner of its allotment, and these usually cry out with a great noise. The space at the World's Fair in Chicago is greater by far than at any other international exhibition. Many manufacturers and others who wished to exhibit, naturally perhaps, concluded that as this space was great, each exhibitor could easily secure all that he fancied. But just as the space was greater than ever before, so has it been in greater demand than was ever previously the case. If the installation officers had had four times as much space as they have it could all have been disposed of, and that, too, for exhibits which none but the discriminating and critical would have regarded as unworthy.

Under these circumstances, which were not entirely anticipated, Director-General Davis concluded that he would exercise his right of selection, and allot the space to those of the applicants who gave promise of making the best exhibits. This very naturally excluded a certain percentage of applicants entirely, and in nearly every instance those to whom space has been awarded have had to be content with less than they applied for. Some who have been excluded entirely have resented their exclusion; some who get less than they wanted are angry over this disappointment. As everything gets into the newspapers nowadays, this subject of allotment and installation has also been discussed, and in some instances with exceeding unfairness. This unfairness has been manifested by telling half-truths and otherwise garbling facts. Here is an instance: A statement was made that one of the most considerable manufacturing firms in New York could not get space, and would therefore not exhibit. This statement was decorated with the intimation that it was necessary to pay in some mysterious way some half-hidden authority before space could be secured. The truth is that as good space as could be found in the main building had been allotted to this firm at that time, and the firm's representatives in Chicago knew of this. The official announcement had been withheld until all the space in the same building had been allotted, so that all notices could be sent on the same day. These notices were sent a few days after this unfair attack on the Director-General and his assistants.

It is likely that in apportioning the space some mistakes have been made. In so large a work how could it have been otherwise? But these mistakes have been those of judgment, and were not prompted by any inclination to favor Chicago exhibitors and to discriminate against their Eastern competitors. Indeed, there is more "kicking" in Chicago over the allotments than anywhere else. Every Chicago business man who thought he had anything to exhibit early applied for space. The same rule of selection applied to other applications was applied to those from Chicago, and the percentage of disappointed applicants is greater in Chicago than anywhere else. Many persons took the view that the fair was to be only a gigantic advertisement of Chicago. If this were so, why should not the individual firms of Chicago also be advertised? But the officers of the fair have taken a much larger view, and have maintained that what advertisement any person or locality received must be incidental, and not of the first consideration. Narrow-minded men and incorrigible self-seekers could scarcely be expected to see the matter from this point of view. So far, however, their loud complaints have gone unheeded. But some other Chicago men have acted very differently. One director of the fair and another large shareholder of the stock have given up the space allotted to them because they were unwilling to seem to have used their positions to secure any personal advantage. Such disinterested action has strengthened the officers in their efforts to make the fair as good as they possibly could without fear and without favor.

The Director-General has had general charge of the allotment of space, but the details have necessarily been turned over to the department chiefs, who have as a general thing been selected for their special knowledge. These department chiefs are not merely local men, by-the-way, but have come from various parts of the country at the invitation of the United States Commission. Few if any of them were candidates for appointment, but they were selected as a college faculty is—each man on account of supposed special fitness. Each of these chiefs has been ambitious in passing on the applications for space in his section to make each group and class complete without endless repetitions of the same thing. When a class has been filled it has been necessary to reject all duplicate offers. Here again have heart-burnings been caused. And yet it could not have been otherwise. There were enough offers of pianos, for instance, to fill nearly the whole of the immense main building, and enough space applied for in which to exhibit steam-boilers to have taken up all the room in Machinery Hall. And yet the pianos differed from one another in no way except as to cases, and the steam-boilers were to a great extent as much alike as so many pease. The spectacle of a great building filled with pianos and another with steam-boilers would scarcely have been edifying. The main purpose of the fair is educational, and wherever this purpose is lost sight of there is sure to follow a measure of failure.

In the allotment of space on the grounds and in the buildings New York has fared extremely well. For the State building she has the best possible site, just in front of the Art Building, and across the way from the building of Pennsylvania. In the buildings exhibitors from New York have come nearer getting what they applied for than those from any other State. One of the State commissioners has said that sixty-five per cent. of the firms from New York asking for space for stationary exhibits have received it, while forty-five per cent. of the New York applications for space in Machinery Hall have been allowed. And in the other sections New York has fared just as well. I mention this because it has been charged that there was discrimination against New York in the allotment. The truth is that there was no dis-

crimination, nor was there any favor shown. New York exhibitors received the space allotted to them because they deserved to have it, and for no other reason in the world.

THE S.S. "CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS."

MANY of the most interesting exhibits at the World's Fair will serve very useful purposes in assisting the fair to a successful consummation. Some of these, like the great engines and boilers in Machinery Hall, are regularly entered for competition, and juries will decide upon their merits. Others are entered not for competition, and still others will be run in connection with the exhibition while not having been entered in any way. But some of these are none the less exhibits. Notable among such will be the great whaleback steamship *Christopher Columbus*, the first ship of this type to be used for passenger traffic. In a previous lucid article in the WEEKLY the virtues and the merits of this type of vessel were fully explained. But heretofore these vessels have been used solely for freight-boats. It is the intention of those controlling the patents to ultimately use them for passenger-boats also, and for such use it is claimed that they are particularly well adapted on account of their roominess, buoyancy, and general seaworthiness. This new ship will be used in taking passengers from Chicago to Jackson Park, and on excursions out into the lake, so as to show the visitors the merits of the type.

The World's Fair Steamship Company, composed of persons interested in the whaleback type of vessel, have been awarded the privilege of landing passengers at the World's Fair wharfs. The only whaleback boat that they will use in the service will be the *Christopher Columbus*. A fleet of twenty-five ordinary lake passenger boats will have facilities for taking 15,000 passengers an hour to Jackson Park, and bringing the same number back again. This large whaleback boat will make four trips to the park every day, and on each trip she will be entitled by her license to take 5000 persons. That is certainly a very large excursion boat. Her fittings of the three decks, as shown in the picture in this paper, will be magnificent with mahogany and brass finishings. Her speed will be at twenty miles an hour, and as the distance from the main landing in Chicago, at the foot of Van Buren Street, to the dock at Jackson Park is only eight miles, it will readily be seen that the journey will be short, and should be very pleasant.

During the building of the fair the means of getting to the grounds have been sadly inadequate, and many have wondered whether this transportation problem would ever be satisfactorily solved. Without these boats it would probably always be sadly inadequate. With the elevated road finished and the cable lines running through trains, and, above all, with this line of steamers, it does not seem impossible that the 200,000 visitors expected every day may be carried back and forth with some measure of comfort. The difficulty will be—and such difficulties cannot be provided against—that nearly all may wish to go out and return at the same hour. Under such circumstances, even though there were a fleet of ten boats, each as large as this *Christopher Columbus*, there would be crowding and discomfort.

The hope of those who are managing the fair is that by keeping the buildings and grounds open at night the arrivals will extend through the whole day and until the evening, and that those tired out with a daytime visit will return home before nightfall. If arrivals and departures can be thus distributed over the day and evening, a trip to Jackson Park and back will not be unreasonably uncomfortable, except on those days when abnormally large crowds will attend. The fare on boats and railroads will be twenty-five cents for the round trip; when the *Christopher Columbus* takes a lake excursion the fare will be fifty cents. Few visitors, whether from the Atlantic or Pacific seaboards, or from those fertile fields once thought to be arid deserts, will care to miss so good a chance to see something of this inland sea, which has ways and manners of its own, strange alike to salt-water mariners and to plainsmen of the West.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

THE HAWAIIAN COMMISSIONERS.

THE provisional government of Hawaii is largely in the control of the sons of American missionaries. President S. B. Dole and Attorney-General W. O. Smith are the sons of missionaries, and were born in the islands. The American interest, and especially the sugar planting interest, was the active agency in the revolution. Mr. Dole is a man of high character, and a judge. English residents of Honolulu, as well as the Americans, repose the utmost confidence in him. The four members of the Executive Council are Americans by birth or extraction.

Of the five Commissioners one is an Englishman, three are the sons of Americans, and were born in the islands, and one is a native of this country who has lived at Honolulu for fifteen years. The first Commissioner, Mr. L. A. Thurston, may be said to be of the oldest missionary family in the Sandwich Islands. He is the grandson of one of the first two missionaries who sailed from Boston in 1820, in the brig *Thaddeus*. From the moment that these missionaries landed on the islands the American influence has grown, until now it is dominant. Americans own most of the sugar plantations and carry on most of the business of Hawaii. They govern by reason of their wealth and intelligence, not by reason of their numbers, for they constitute a small part of the population. It is seventy-three years since the two missionaries landed, and now the grandson of one of them is at Washington offering to give the islands to the United States. This Mr. Thurston is not a clergyman, but he is a member of the Congregational Church, which is the leading Protestant church of the islands, whither it was taken from New England. Mr. Thurston is a lawyer. He was born about thirty-seven years ago, and was educated in this country. Many of the sons of the missionaries have been graduated at American colleges, Williams College, where the American Board was originated, being their favorite institution. Mr. Thurston for some time has been recognized as one of the leading men of the Sandwich Islands. From 1887–1890 he was Minister of the Interior.

Mr. W. R. Castle is also a native of the islands. His father was a prominent merchant. He also is a lawyer, and was educated in the United States. He was living in New York, and was called home to accept the Attorney-Generalship. He has been a member of the Legislature several times.

Mr. C. L. Carter was also born in Hawaii. His father was for many years minister to this country, and was highly respected at Washington. This Mr. Carter is young, being only twenty-seven years old, but he is rich by inheritance and has a good professional standing. He is a graduate of Michigan University.

Mr. W. C. Wilder has lived in the islands for fifteen years, and is about forty-five years old. He is an American. He is a lumber merchant and President of the Wilder Steamship Company—a local corporation, the ships plying among the islands. He is a "noble," having served in the Upper House of the Legislature. He is one of the "solid men" of the islands—rich, energetic, and strongly American.

The English member of the Commission is Mr. Joseph Marsden. His personal interests are American, for he is a sugar-planter. He is fifty-five years old, is educated, of excellent business standing, an old resident of the islands, and has been employed by the government in looking after immigration.

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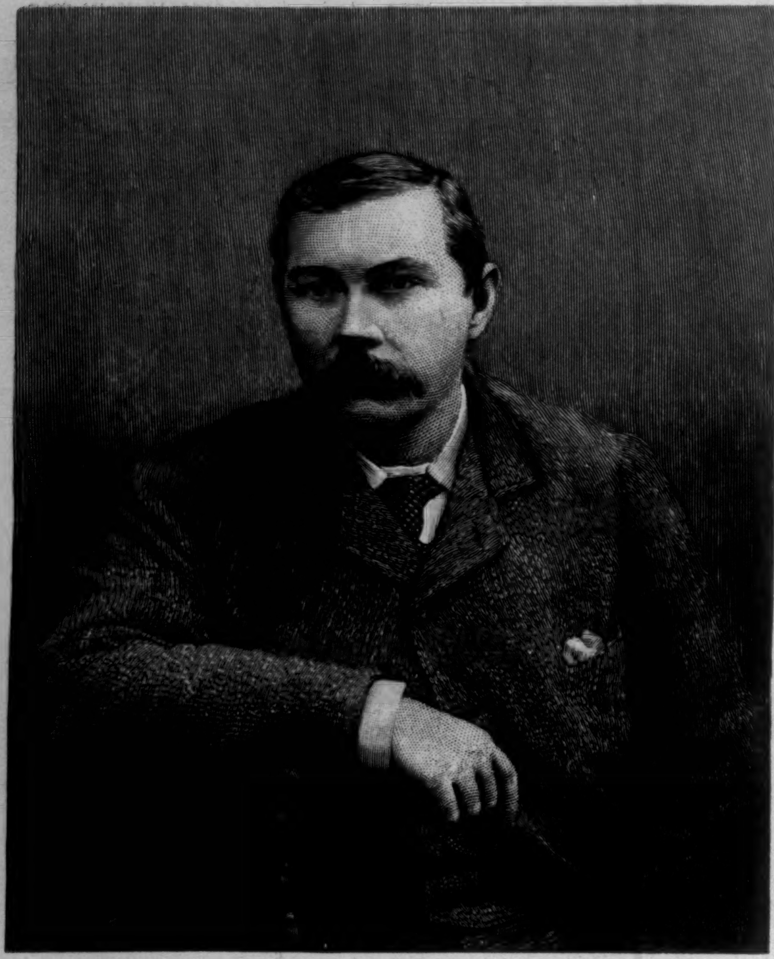


MR. A. CONAN DOYLE.

MR. A. CONAN DOYLE.

AN English critic told his readers the other day that the historical novel is defunct. Whether the statement, like the ancient one which imputes unveracity to the entire race, was made in haste does not appear; but it certainly must have been made in ignorance, or without consideration. True, the historical novel has not the vogue it once had. The spell of the past, as exercised by most of the latter-day magicians, has lost somewhat of its old potency. The magic wand is frequently not magic at all; so that the events and characters summoned up are too often shadowy and unreal, and consequently a mere weariness of spirit. But historical romance is not dead. On the contrary, there are distinct signs of a revival. In spite of frivolity and the noisy gospel of "modernity," the modern reader is reverting with quickened interest to his ancestors, finding, perhaps, with pleasurable surprise that the terse speech and ready jest of hunters and men-at-arms, faithfully rendered, is every whit as entertaining as the minor commonplaces of the nineteenth century tea table, and that the record of accidents and adventures by flood and field may yield as much wholesome excitement as the recital of qualms about infant baptism, or tedious details of the useful but prosaic domestic duties of seared and angular spinsters. In a word, "the age" is beginning to discover that it does not itself monopolize the great and moving qualities of human nature.

To no living English novelist are we more indebted for the renewal of interest in things fresh and natural than to Mr. A. Conan Doyle. He has made a strenuous effort to rehabilitate and quicken "the old dead time," and his success has been conspicuous. *The White Company*, hitherto his most important work, is not only excellent as a story, rich in incident, and strong in characterization, but gives the best picture of the life of England and France in the fourteenth century that is to be found in fiction. That splendid period, a period during which, as some think, England reached the summit of her greatness, is depicted with not a little of the power and felicity of the poet, and with all the accuracy of the historian. Nor is this accuracy attained by prolix and tiresome descriptions; for Mr. Doyle's writings are remarkable for their liveliness and briskness of movement.

Mr. Doyle has not, however, confined himself exclusively or even mainly to the past. Of the dozen books which he has written only three are strictly historical, *The White Company*, *Micah Clarke*, and *The Refugees*, the last of which is now being published serially in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Perhaps it is as a writer of detective stories that Mr. Doyle is most widely known, and it is interesting to note that these stories had their origin in the author's irritation at the perfectly arbitrary manner in which the detective of fiction always appears to attain his results. *A Study in Scarlet* was written to show what Mr. Doyle conceived to be the true deductive and analytical method of solving detective problems. The success of the book led to the writing of *The Sign of the Four*, and the later *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*. This last has had an immense popularity in serial form—indeed, has been by far the most popular thing of its kind that has appeared in England for years, and the work is being continued in the new series of "Adventures" now appearing in HARPER'S WEEKLY. Then he is the author of some volumes of short stories, and of an ultra-sensational novel representing his 'prentice work, entitled *The Firm of Girdlestone*. In all these there are freshness, force, and originality; the detective tales are extremely clever, and are not unlikely to mark an epoch in their own order of fiction. Henceforth readers will be apt to demand more reason and less miracle in the achievements of the ordinary detective.

But while Mr. Doyle has done well in all the departments he has entered—and he has been a singularly versatile writer—his highest claim to critical consideration must rest on his historical work. In it he has made his most serious efforts, and by it he would probably wish to be judged. He is, no doubt, aware that in taking "the high historic ground" he subjects himself to a more searching criticism and more dangerous comparisons than if he delineated contemporary life. But he has taken the risk, and must abide the consequences.

In these days a man is not permitted to be himself, but must be compared to some one else. Rather inconsiderately and hastily, I think, Mr. Doyle has been compared to Scott. The verdict is inevitable, even if tradition were without force. Mr. Doyle is not Scott any more than Hawthorne was Scott, any more than Scott himself was Shakespeare or Cervantes. Dogberry observed quaintly that comparisons are odorous; they are often unjust, and generally misleading. The more a writer is himself, the less he can resemble any one else. In literature there ought to be no insistence or imitation, for imitations will always abound so long as mediocrity persists in writing. If there is nothing in *The White Company* like the famous tournament scene in *Ivanhoe*, are we on that ground to pronounce the former book inferior to the latter? Surely not. It ought rather to stand to Mr. Doyle's credit that, following the master in a perilous enterprise, he has preserved his independence and his individuality.

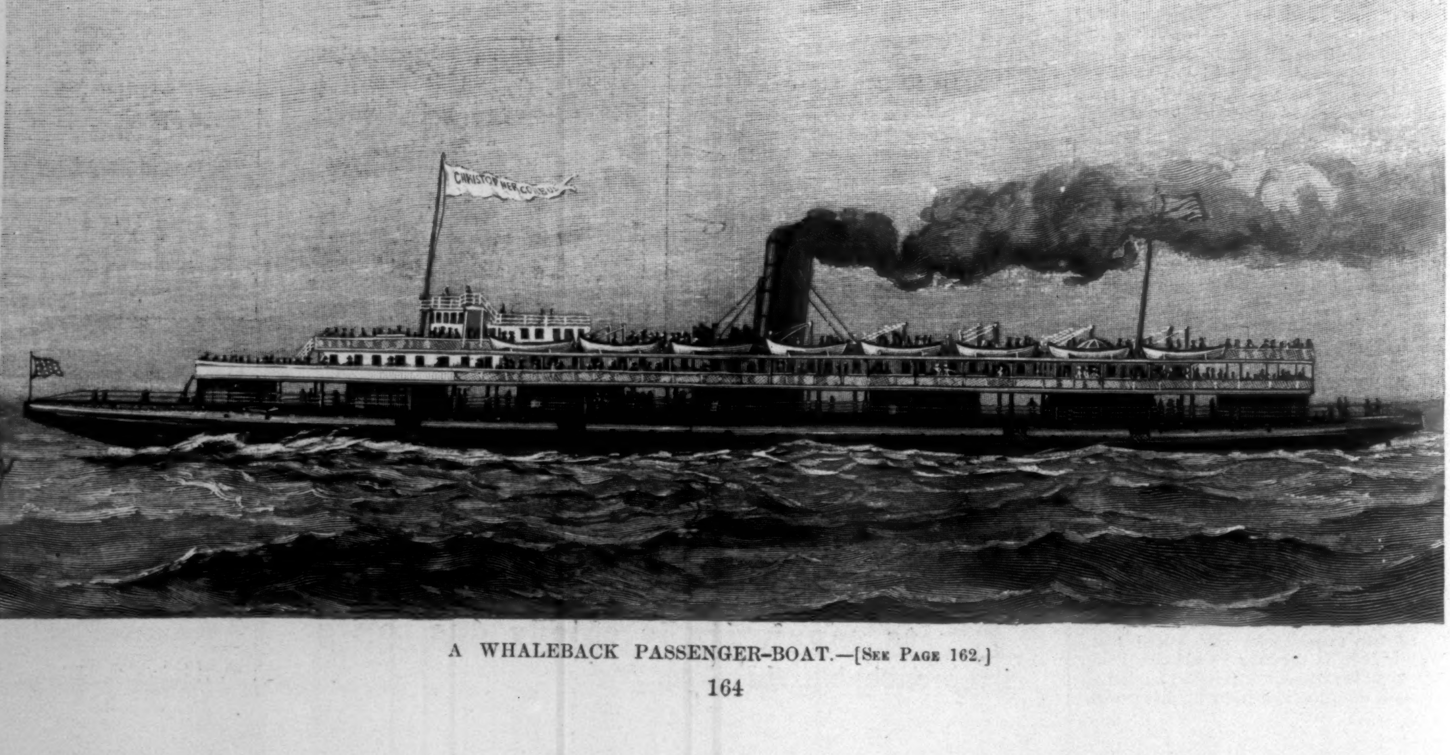
He is, in fact, too richly endowed to need to be a borrower from anybody. Touches there doubtless are in *The White Company* that remind one of the author of *Quentin Durward*; but they are incidental, or such as must result from similarity of theme. Mr. Doyle does indeed take material that had been utilized by Scott, but he regards it from a point of view of his own. Scott, in a way that is incomparable and inimitable, has drawn the English bowman as an outlaw; Mr. Doyle has presented him as the flower of infantry soldiers, fighting under his country's flag partly from patriotism, partly to mend his fortune, and partly for the fun of the thing; and has added a new attraction to English fiction.

ELEONORA DUSE.—[SEE PAGE 159.]

In the most difficult part of the novelist's art Mr. Doyle has given promise of very high achievement. His characters have the vitality and the variety of life. They move us as friends and companions; we share their joys, suffer in their defeats, and sympathize even in their failings. Sir Nigel Loring, the model of chivalry, the pink of courtliness, the gentlest as well as the bravest of knights, is a character that Cervantes or Scott might have been proud of; and Hordle John, uncouth, generous, and utterly fearless, is a man whom the reader is certain to remember with affection. There are others hardly less delightful, and in general Mr. Doyle's characters are perfectly discriminated from each other.

As to his style, a word will suffice. It is vigorous rather than subtle, broad rather than fine. There is little or no sacrifice to the graces; but in the midst of richness and power daintiness will scarcely be missed. There are multitudes who all too successfully cultivate the vice of preciousness. Mr. Doyle is not precious. But he is a born story-teller, with gifts of narrative and characterization that have already made him the delight of thousands, and are likely to make him the delight of many thousands more.

J. A. STEUART.



A WHALEBACK PASSENGER-BOAT.—[SEE PAGE 162.]

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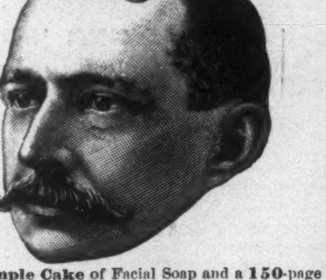

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From St. Louis Post Dispatch, January 13, 1893.

Honor upon honor, each time with added glory, seems to be the grand fortune of the city of St. Louis. Another chapter is to be appended to its brilliant record, for now the gratifying information comes that the famous Anheuser-Busch Beer will hold the post of honor at the World's Fair, it having been decreed so this week. The edict is by authority of the Fair directors, and the same has been communicated to President Adolphus Busch of the brewing association through President Ernest Sadler of the Columbian Casino Restaurant at the World's Fair Grounds. Not only is this beer selected as against competition from Milwaukee, Toledo, St. Louis, New York, Chicago, and elsewhere, but the endorsement of superior quality is supplemented in a very substantial way by an agreement to pay $2 a barrel more for the Anheuser-Busch beer than for the next highest priced beer competing. Such a recognition, although expected by Mr. Busch, must awaken the world's readers to the oft-repeated fact that St. Louis has the best brewer and the best beer; and it must further appear, by the $2 excess price allowed, that all competitors of the Anheuser-Busch Company have been distanced. The official letter of notification is a merited recognition of the famous beverage. It says:

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It is with well-earned pride that the Anheuser-Busch people can refer to their lofty business position in this contest; theirs was a battle of quality, not quality and price, nor of price alone. Upon the quality of their beer they would win or lose, and merit won. The official contract papers have arrived for signature, and accompanying them is the letter of notification from which the above quotation is made.

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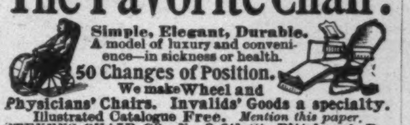

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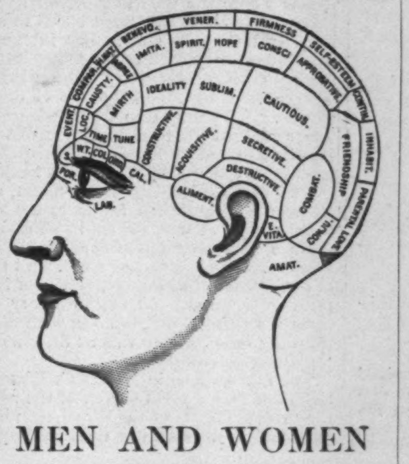

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THE NEW YORK STREETS.

OBSERVERS who see with the brains behind their eyes are pretty well agreed that rarely if ever have the streets of New York been in a fouler condition than they are at this time. The beneficence of frost, which is in other ways such an enemy to the poverty-stricken masses, has locked up in its icy grip most of those latent elements of evil which exist in accumulations of filth. The senses, which are the scouts of the facts that make up truth, are not assailed to the same extent at this season of the year. The seventy-seven stenches which Coleridge claimed he could distinguish in the streets of Cologne would have escaped the poet's perception had they been put to sleep by such a New York winter as we have had. But this accident does not hide a great fact.

Even in those streets where the trickery of an ineffective department would naturally seek to whitewash itself the icy accumulations of dirt and refuse are quite noticeable. In those seemingly innocent piles of frozen stuff, and in the heavy layers of filthy ice which cover so many of the most reputable streets where the wealthier classes live, it is easy enough to divine what exists in a temporarily innocuous state. But in the tenement-house districts, and in many instances these do not lie far away from where the better classes live, the condition of things is alarming. The city is to-day threatened with unaccustomed disease, and a swift thaw might easily add a hundred horse-power to the forces which assail the public health.

The Street-cleaning Department, armed with an appropriation far in excess of the usual sinews of war, shrugs its shoulders, so far as a Tammany department of public service ever deigns to excuse itself, with the cry of *non possum*, the hide-bound plea of failure, putting the blame on extraordinary conditions of weather. But, familiar with the past, thinking men look on this as little less than "playing possum."

The illustrations in HARPER'S WEEKLY of this issue give a vivid notion of the result of the present efforts of the Street-cleaning Department in discharging their all-important functions, or, in brief, of how not to do it. While these pictures, which are actual photographs limned by the sun and not by any artist's fancy, deal mostly with the tenement-house districts, they are none the less an accurate gauge of the aggregate truth. These object-lessons bring several things especially into a clear and searching light.

The condition of the streets, with the masses of mud, manure, and other monstrous agglomeration of everything dangerous, unsightly, and offensive, is plainly indicated. All the refuse which a city eliminates is represented in the heavy crust and in the piles of material which encumber the pavement and the edges of the sidewalks. The pedestrian of a nicer sense is seen picking his steps over the fairway of stone which is supposed to keep him free from the pollutions which reek about him—a supposition in many cases a bitter deception. Barrels and pails overladen with material, mingled in a foul mess of garbage and ashes, beset the sidewalks. In many cases these have been upset, and the unsavory contents emptied on the curbstone and into the gutter. The poor wretches that live in the surrounding houses cannot altogether be blamed, for a quart cannot be put into a pint cup, and when the department carts fail to make their rounds the results are inevitable. The unsightliness of many of these thoroughfares cannot be depicted in words, and only the photograph can represent them. Aside from the failure to remove the daily accumulation of city refuse, the worthlessness of the system to provide for keeping the streets in a decent state is brought into vivid light, and a suggestion of the limping cripples, lame, halt, and blind, who are employed on the regular force of the Street-cleaning Department comes home to the fancy. In private enterprise employers are careful to use servants adequate for the work. But the wretched examples of the *genus homo* who wield the broom in New York give a better notion of the possible degeneration of man than a visit to the country poor-house. These men are voters, and must be cared for by the paternal love of Tammany, for on election day each one has as much political value as Cornelius Vanderbilt or Dr. Parkhurst. The long strings of trucks and carts which obstruct the sidewalks, gutters, and much of the width of the streets have often been complained of by the street-cleaning officials as responsible in part for the failure to keep streets in good order. Recent statutes have been enacted to lessen the evil, and there can scarcely be a doubt that the police, if they were active in enforcing the laws, could reduce the evil to a minimum; but the police, like the street-cleaners, are the creatures of a Tammany system of administration. In many of the streets, on the east side of town especially, as is shown in several of our illustrations, trucks may be seen buried to their hubs in a mass of refuse, sometimes frozen, sometimes loose, and reeking with unspeakable abominations. It is said on the best authority that by actual count the trucks which encumber the public thoroughfares at night and during much of the day would reach from New York to Peekskill, a distance of about forty miles, if they were stretched in a line. As long as such abuses exist it is impossible to put street-cleaning on a rational basis; but even within the limits of its immediate work, one is constrained to declare that the department responsible for the streets has been tried long and patiently and found utterly wanting. And in spite of winter, which covers up the worst to the careless eye, the truth was never more startling than now.

The responsibility of the city of New York, as the great foreign port of the United States, is tremendous at all times. With the coming spring and summer that responsibility will be quadrupled. The threat of cholera importation, which is even more than a threat, and the interests of the Columbian Exposition, which touch the financial interests of New York scarcely less than they do those of Chicago, add new complexities to a question which is of overwhelming value in itself. Unless the machinery of street cleaning runs vastly smoother and better than we have now any reason to hope for, one can only look to the future with despondency. Those who study the illustrations in HARPER'S WEEKLY with a thoughtful eye will perceive ominous cause for dread.

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BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

MR. PETERS, OF SCHOHARIE, ON THE COMING CABINET, AS SUGGESTED BY HIS DAILY READING.

I've studied up the question, and I think the country's safe,
Although to have a Demmycrat to rule us makes me chafe.
Things can't go very wrong if what the papers says is true,
That Dan Lamont's to be in charge of War an' Navy too.

I ain't afraid that crops 'll go to bloomin' 'tarnal smash,
Er that the gov'ment's like to do much that is wild 'nd rash,
If it is so, as in the daily papers now I reads,
That Dan Lamont's to take Rusk's place manipulatin' seeds.

'Nd I've no end o' confidence our letters 'll go straight
To where they're destined, as the envelopes may indicate,
If Grovey Cleveland's going to have the courage and the face
To put Lamont, as I've heern tell, in Wannymaker's place.

'Nd what is more, no foreign land 'll bluff us Yankee folk,
No Britisher will dare to try to bind us 'neath no yoke,
If they be right who've had a sight of Mister Cleveland's slate,
'Nd say he's got Dan down agin to run affairs of State.

'Nd there's a friend o' mine who knows a friend of Dan's what says
We're comin' into bloomin' fine 'nd mighty prosp'rous days,
Because he knows it for a fact, jest as 'twas told to me,
That this same Dan's likewise to have charge of the Treasury.

I don't know Dan Lamont myself, but I'm prepared to swear
That he's the simplest-greatest man there's livin' anywhere;
For if he wasn't, Mister C.—'tis pretty safe to bet—
Would never dare to let him have the hull darned cabinet.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

AMATEUR · SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney is now absent on an extended tour through the United States and Canada. In the course of his trip he will visit all the important sporting centres, and make a thorough examination of the present condition of amateur sport in America. During his absence this department will be supplied with articles by prominent authorities on special topics connected with Amateur Sport.

THE INCREASE OF SPORTSMEN.

BY ALEXANDER HUNTER.

HAD the compilers of the last census given the same attention to collecting the statistics and data of the sportsmen as they did to all branches of trade, the result would have furnished some startling information, bordering on the incredible. It is safe to say that there is more wealth among the fraternity, more capital invested, more money spent annually, by the sportsmen of America than by any guild, society, order, or whatsoever incorporated body in the United States.

During the last ten years the increase and development of the sportsman have been phenomenal. A decade ago only the large cities had a gun club. To-day it is a small town indeed that does not boast of its "fine team." In fact, the modern gun club seems to have taken the place of the old-fashioned debating society, and the crack of the double barrel has drowned the last echo of sky-scraping eloquence.

The makers of fine guns in this country could be counted on the fingers of one hand ten years ago; now they are numbered by the score. The guns turned out by these factories, in which millions of dollars are invested, are of the very best, with all the latest improvements, and it is needless to add that the American manufacturer keeps pace with the world.

Of late the manufacture of fixed ammunition has increased. Formerly most sportsmen preferred to load their own shells, but it became apparent that the trade which made a specialty of that business could, by buying the ammunition in large quantities, furnish the shells loaded cheaper than the retail buyer could obtain the material to fill them, to say nothing of the time and labor expended. It is exceptional now to see any one who lives within reach of a railroad attempt to charge his shells, and even the small country stores offer loaded ones for sale where once only powder and shot could be obtained. The amount of ammunition used annually by the gun clubs would supply the armies of all Europe.

All this has awakened an enthusiastic love of real sport among the people. The time when the city youth fond of sport had to steal through the dark streets on his way to or from the country has passed away. The young man who confesses to a love of hunting is no longer pointed out as a "ne'er-do-well."

America is fast becoming a nation of marksmen, and if there should ever be a war with foreign powers, the spectacle often witnessed on the late battlefields of Virginia, where fully one-third of the muskets borne were overloaded, underloaded, or in some way wrongly loaded, would not be repeated.

A member of a gun club is only content for a short time to shoot at inanimate objects, and the very moment this becomes monotonous he develops into a sportsman, as the grub turns into a butterfly. His attention and interest are no longer attracted by the scores of the shooting matches or the high record of the champions, but he reads with avidity the letters of correspondents giving accounts of actual experiences in the field.

The true sportsman will take to the rod as naturally as to the gun. Not that a huntsman is necessarily a fisherman—for the pursuit of the former requires incessant motion, skill, and endurance, while in most sections of the country fishing, according to Izaak Walton, is a "meditative, peaceful avocation," the greatest qualification for which is patience. I have read the quaint observations of old Izaak over and over again, and am compelled to believe that the gentle fisherman never hooked anything stronger than a perch, or at the most a delicate brook trout. But the angler who goes fishing in the streams of Maine or the lakes of Canada will have his sporting instincts as keenly alive as the most inveterate gunner of large game. He must undergo as great physical exertion and exhibit the most perfect endurance, while the excitement of playing a lively salmon which bites like a steel-trap and pulls like a horse, or of fighting a great lake ten-pounder which never yields until dead, is as intense as the most thoroughbred sportsman could desire.

I have never known a huntsman who, after trying a rod on the game fish which haunt the Canadian waters, did not become at once an enthusiastic fisherman, though but yesterday he was ready to echo bluff Dr. Johnson's words, "An angler consists of a pole with a line at one end and a fool at the other."

Thrice happy and blest is he who has sporting blood in his veins. It is a magic and potent fluid. Mother Nature is royal—a lavish, indulgent, and beneficent lover of such of her children as obey her mandates, but as relentless as the Fates to those who break her inexorable laws. She requires "value received" for all she gives. For robust health, hardened sinews, good digestion, and steady nerves she demands their equivalent in regular physical exercise. To enjoy perfect health one must work for it.

A sportsman when in pursuit of game calls into play the same muscles as the hod-carrier and the railroad track walker, and such is the enthusiasm born and bred in him, the work is a pleasure, the labor a delight, and at the same time he is laying up a reserve fund of strength and vigor for later years. It is an established fact that a sportsman is a rare patient of the doctor. His tonic is the open air, his "nerve-restorative" drawn from the spicy odors of the wood and field, and his general "tone" and temperament seem to be in accordance with the sunny, patient forces of nature. His philosophy is trained to a higher grade, and he learns to take, in hunter parlance, the "fat with the lean," which soon becomes habitual, and stands him in great stead when encountering the sterner details of every-day life.

This growing taste in America for out-door sport will have its effect on the coming race in their superb physical development. Above all athletics are hunting and fishing. With these there is no violent exertion followed by long inaction. On the contrary, the exercise is continued and well sustained. A tramp through the heather all day with gun and dog, or a scramble down the rocky cliff of a granite-walled mountain stream with rod and reel, is more beneficial than the frenzied rush of a football game or the arduous pull of a boat-race. Then, in addition to this, a love of sporting inculcates a love for the dog. Gun clubs and kennels keep even pace. For every gun turned out of the factory there will be a dog raised at the kennel, and it is satisfactory to reflect that even as science improves fire-arms, so the dog breeds up. A pair of well-trained English or Irish setters of to-day are as far superior in intelligence, beauty, and go to the dogs our grandfathers hunted with as the modern shot-gun is over the ancient flintlock, or Joe Manton percussion-cap fowling-piece.

A sportsman, and he only, can love and appreciate a dog at its full value. Of course many people have canine pets, embracing every variety of pug, poodle, and turnspit. But there is as wide a difference between these household favorites and the trusted companions of the field as between a dude and a statesman.

The sportsman's pointers or setters are of a highly nervous organization, the result of careful and select breeding. They are trained from puppyhood for special work, and how faithfully and lovingly they perform their duties! It is a mutual contract which the dog understands as well as his master. The setter or pointer knows that it is his place to find the game and his master's business to bag it. There is also a mutual dependence; one cannot get along without the other.

The instincts of these animals, engendered by generations of judicious breeding and breaking, is wonderful. It is next to human reasoning.

One admirable feature of gun clubs is that they all favor protection for the game, and use every endeavor to see the game-laws carried out. Experience has proved that indiscriminate slaughter of fur and feather, even in the most favored localities, speedily drives away or exterminates the game, whilst a moderate degree of protection will keep their number practically undiminished.

One substantial proof of the great increase of sportsmen is the number of syndicates which buy up large tracts of wild, uncultivated lands and turn them into game-preserves. There are many of these properties in North Carolina and Virginia, and the experiments have in every instance proved a success.

It should be borne in mind that it is not the sportsman who exterminates the game. It is the avaricious market-gunner and soulless pot-hunter, who kill everything in sight, and whose appetite for slaughter is insatiable. In these game-preserves, however, every precaution is used to keep this gentry away, and a member, therefore, of one of these clubs can count on moderate sport for the balance of his life.

The South will always be the Mecca of American sportsmen. The vast inaccessible swamps, the immense areas of unhealthy low grounds, the great stretches of barren lands with soil so thin as to make agriculture a failure, seem to have been designed by nature as an inexhaustible reservoir for game.

For the fisherman Canada presents unequalled attractions, and its immense territory, as virgin now as in the prehistoric age, furnishes the finest sport to both the wielders of rod and gun.

In conclusion, it can be truly said that the prospect of small game for the future was never better for the legitimate sportsman; and for many years to come the amateur can find a reasonable amount of shooting in the field, and the fisherman can follow the mountain streams and gain health and pleasure in "ye gentle pursuit of angling."

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COLLEGE "GYM."

BY H. A. CUSHING.

THE spirit that made the Olympic victor's wreath an abiding honor for the athletic Greek and for his family, that created in the Spartan his rugged and awe-inspiring nature, the spirit of Achilles' friend Patroclus and of Kingsley's Amyas Leigh, is still living. The force that developed for England in the sixteenth century a king who has been historically portrayed as a hammer-thrower, and in the nineteenth century an uncrowned ruler who will long be known as the scholarly tree-feller of Hawarden, the force that drove the rollicking Scot to the heather, and his cousin below the Cheviot Hills to the cricket green and the saddle, is potently active to-day.

In more recent years we see that same out-door bodily exercise continued, until in the twenties of this century we find a record of that simple work being supplemented by the erection, in some institutions, of suitable apparatus for further development. Thus, in 1826, the old "Delta" at Cambridge, with its pieces of primitive apparatus, became, in connection with an unoccupied commons hall, the centre of physical activity for Harvard students, while about the same time the Yale students were afforded an opportunity for exercise in an out-door gymnasium provided by the corporation's appropriation of $300.

Many men now living can spin tales of the early college day, with its out-door gymnasium—called gymnasium now by courtesy, as it were—owned by a club or supplied by the college authorities, and consisting of vaulting blocks, rings, bars, and such simple pieces of apparatus. The same man would not have to be an "oldest living graduate" to be able to recall the charitable labors of a "chip day," or the equally patriotic exertions of a "gravel day," or the tramp, demanded by tradition, on "mountain day;" the last being still known to many undergraduates simply as an annual holiday, and not as a relic of the festive past.

The faculties of the past, judging from the character of some of the holidays, believed in guiding in a fatherly way the efforts of the vigorous undergraduates, and they also preserved, to some extent, a true Puritanical, or possibly Quaker, ideal of existence, if one can judge from the refusal of a certain college faculty to grant a petition of the students for a bowling-alley because it would occasion too much noise, and because "public sentiment would not justify the countenancing of such a game." And yet, at the present day, that same college maintains a billiard-hall in its gymnasium, some quite expert bowlers are found in its faculty, and the head of its department of physical education, although very near threescore and ten, rides a "safety."

To the industrious college man of the early day the garden, the stable, and the wood-pile gave sufficient opportunities for exercise, but with the increase of prospective patrimonies there came to college the boy of leisure, who soon became a dyspeptic, and the call for a department of hygiene became an imperative reality.

This call, developed by natural circumstances, was strengthened, and the cause it spoke for furthered, by the trials of the war-times and the attendant incentives to action. It is at about that time that we see the beginning of the college gymnasium, of organized and definite form, such buildings being built in 1859 and 1860 at Amherst, Harvard, and Yale, at a cost, respectively, of $15,000, $10,000, and $13,000. Since that time many colleges have erected gymnasia, but most of the buildings have been quite simple in design and scope, and destined to be outgrown in no long time. With their abandonment begins the present era of the college gymnasium, the period beginning with the erection of the finely equipped Hemenway Gymnasium at Cambridge, and ending with that of the generally considered perfect gymnasium recently presented to Yale University by the stanch friends of her athletic interests. In the intervening period of about a dozen years we learn of the erection of many gymnasia, embodying many new ideas of construction, and tending to give one a more definite idea of what a college gymnasium may and should be. From the departments of physical culture at Amherst, Bryn Mawr, Cornell, Princeton, Smith, Wellesley, Williams, and many others, besides those already referred to, one can secure a good basis for an ideal of organization and equipment, and easily become convinced that the college gymnasium is an excellent field for the special efforts and the careful thoughts of the already many-sided architect.

The collocation of bath and dressing and rubbing rooms, the ventilation of drying-rooms and lockers, the lighting of the baseball "cage," the material of the in-door track, the best in-door accommodation for special baseball, football, rowing, and tennis training, as well as the possibilities for the introduction and growth of new lines of work, plainly suggest the necessity of careful and inventive thought. The college gymnasium is no longer four walls and a set of dumbbells, with, perchance, a bar and a ladder. It is that part of the college that must make the student more fit for the creditable accomplishment of his allotted work. It is not simply to make high-vaulters, ten-second sprinters, good half-backs, or strong strokes, but to give men the power to carry on their work with a vim and a determination that will insure success.

The college gymnasium is a place not for the production only of studious athletes, but of athletic students; a place where an hour's varied exercise, a run, a spray, and a rub down can be had regularly, and where a man may turn his thoughts wholly from books and studies for a while by a bout at fencing, or boxing, or by a game in the bowling-alley, or in the handball-court, from which he can get increased capacity for greater and better endeavors. Kept within its proper sphere, it is as necessary for the symmetrical and complete development of the young "scholar in politics" as is the mathematical recitation, the historical lecture, or the debating society, and it is as legitimate.

We can plainly see the result of its influence, now becoming quite an evil one in the eyes of him who sees only abnormally developed wrong in the gathering of such vast crowds on Manhattan Field and Springfield's Hampden Park. That there may be evil in some of its phases one may well suppose; but older heads are at hand, and there is sure to come a time of proper conservatism. We will also see greater development and further expansion, now represented by such annexes as the Carey and Weld buildings at Cambridge, by the "cage" and the club-house at Princeton, and by other important adjuncts.

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